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The Backwash of Prague

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Children of Rimbaud

THRUST OF THE UNDERCULTURE

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Youngstown Shuts Its Schools GENE I. MAEROFF

REVIEWS D. J. ENRIGHT *on* SAUL BELLOW / HARRY MAGDOFF *on* SERVAN-SCHREIBER / STUDS TERKEL *on* JAMES CAMERON / GEORGE STADE *on* WALTER BENJAMIN / JOHN GLIEDMAN *on* JOHN LE CARRE

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LETTERS

Teamsters and the poor

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The charges and insinuations made by Cloward-Piven are really too absurd to require refutation but just as dangerous to ignore.

First, they offer a great deal of employer propaganda, but no objective "evidence, to suggest that lower-paid workers are hurt when *minimum* wage levels are raised."

More seriously, Cloward-Piven dismiss as both inconsequential and hostile to unorganized workers the revolutionary demand for a $5 per week children's allowance put forward by Teamsters Local 237 in the negotiations now going on with the New York City Housing Authority.

The first objection is that for workers at the $1.60 per hour statutory minimum, $260 per year per child will be far less than could be obtained by the same worker as a welfare supplement. But the entry wage in the Housing Authority today is not that statutory minimum of $3,120 per year but $4,500, and after January 1, it will be considerably more than that.

The second argument that the "main consequence" of the children's allowance breakthrough "would merely be to enlarge the difference between . . . unorganized and organized workers" can be used against each and every economic gain registered by unions.

Nicholas Kisburg, Legislative & Research Dir.
Teamsters Joint Council 16

the draft: a correction

Rochester, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: While I am pleased by your summary and approval of my address to the American Legion urging immediate and complete abolition of the draft ("Why Mercenaries?," editorial, *The Nation*, Dec. 9), I am distressed at one error. You say that my "attack on the draft system was therefore not on the ground that it is immoral in principle and inequitable in practice, but that its inefficiency menaces national security." What I actually said was: "My objections to the draft are of two kinds. First, it is immutably immoral in principle and inevitably inequitable in practice. Second, it is ineffective, inefficient, and detrimental to national security." I gave priority to the immorality and inequitability, devoting eight paragraphs to that and only a single paragraph to its ineffectiveness.

A less central error: what I dismiss on the ground that everyone will be equally mistreated is universal *national* service, not "universal *military* service," as you say. . . .

W. Allen Wallis
President, University of Rochester

An error in transcription, which the editors very much regret, caused the misrepresentation of President Wallis' views as to the morality of the draft.

witness of Sinclair

Portland, Ore.

DEAR SIRS: Upton Sinclair may not have had an analytical mind, but his factual revelations and indignation inspired many of us and set our sights realistically on the society in which we live. Not much has changed since the 1920s, except that the incongruities, social and economic, have increased, and the racketeering has become more sophisticated—on the political and economic level. *Anthony Netboy*

correction

The price of *Josef Albers* by Eugen Gomringer and others, published by George Wittenborn, was incorrectly listed in our issue of December 16. It should have read $27.50.

EDITORIALS

The Wily Old Men

Despite the change in administrations, little will be new about the House of Representatives; in that continuity lies the possibility of real crisis. The standing committee chairmen, whose massive powers repeatedly blocked Executive requests during the 90th Congress, were overwhelmingly returned to "lead" in the 91st Congress.

The House assigns all proposed legislation to its twenty standing committees. No less than nineteen of the twenty chairmen in the 90th Congress stood for re-election and all nineteen won, most of them by crushing margins. In seven Southern districts, so disorganized and demoralized was the opposition that no challenger bothered to file. Included among the seven Representatives who thus had no need to conduct even a token campaign are the chairmen of the most important committees of the House: Appropriations, Rules, and Ways and Means.

Rep. George Mahon (D., Tex.) was, by Southern standards, sympathetic to the Great Society. Though chairman of Appropriations, his stature in the House was often inadequate to the task of stopping economy drives at the expense of the politically weak and powerless. Rep. Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) used his formidable powers as head of Ways and Means to advance his conviction of the necessity for full examination of national priorities. What he had in mind became clearer in the anti-welfare amendments he pressed through. Rep. William Colmer (D., Miss.), of the Rules Committee, learned most of the tricks of obstruction from wily Judge Smith, with whom he was allied through the last three Presidencies.

L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.), the super-hawk chairman of Armed Services, also had no competition. Apparently the extensive military construction assigned to his Charleston, S.C., seigniory dissuaded both Wallaceites and Republicans from contending.

Even the twelve chairmen who were opposed needed for the most part to make but token campaigns; in only one case was there what might be called a serious challenge. Wayne Aspinall (D., Colo.), head of Interior and Insular Affairs, won by "only" 54.9 per cent of the popular vote. In every other instance the chairmen's vote exceeded 60 per cent and some reached pluralities above 80 per cent. Mayor Daley's machine could not muster enough votes to carry Illinois for his national ticket, but the Mayor's one standing committee chairman, William Dawson of Government Operations, won by near acclamation in his South Chicago district.

Winds of change and rebellion may have blown through Chicago, Miami and even Birmingham, but the quiet of Pascagoula, Miss., and College Station, Tex., were undisturbed by 1968.

As the country grows younger, the men whose voices are heaviest in Congress grow older. The remarkable fact is that more than a third of the new House chairmen were born in the 19th century. Two of the nineteen returning chairmen entered the House before Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House; ten more took the oath of office

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while Roosevelt served as Chief Executive. Just two chairmen are younger than 60 years of age; the rest range up to 80 years.

The clash of Congressional elders with activist youth is only probable, not necessary. But such a clash does seem to be approaching on a wide range of issues. Communication between those who have held power for a generation or more and those who would inherit and redirect power has never been more strained. The lawmaker who cut his political teeth in fighting the makers of the New Deal is well experienced in the tools of standpattism. Declining competition in the districts back home has removed even the spur to action of hard-fought elections.

Many rank-and-file members of the House believe something more sensible than seniority should be used to determine the leadership of vital committees. But if there is no break with the seniority system, control over the events of the last third of the 20th century will in large measure be in the hands of men born in the last third of the 19th century. A fight to break seniority is likely in the Democratic caucus during the first week of January. The stakes at issue for representative government would seem substantial.

JOHN E. CROW

The Job for Rockefeller

In recent decades the state of New York has been fortunate in its governors. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert H. Lehman, Alfred E. Smith come to mind, and Nelson Rockefeller, now the nation's senior governor in length of service (ten years) has every right to be included in that galaxy. It is good news for the state—and for the country as well—that he plans to seek a fourth term in 1970.

Had the Republican Party nominated Rockefeller for the Presidency, it is as certain as anything can be in politics that he would have defeated Hubert Humphrey, and the country would then have been governed on a more statesmanlike level than present prognostications would seem to indicate. Failing that, it is far better for Rockefeller to remain in the governorship than to serve in any capacity, however exalted, under President Nixon. As for the reports that Rockefeller had been sounded out for the post of U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, these, if true, border on the grotesque. There was a time when this job could have been worthy of a statesman of the highest capability, but it has been allowed to deteriorate to the level of a high-powered corporation lawyer using the standard tricks of the trade exclusively to further his client's interests.

If the problems of the cities cannot be solved in New York, it is doubtful that they can be solved anywhere; in that event the country will be headed for disruption on a scale that is terrifying to envision. While the difficulties in New York may be greater than elsewhere, the means to cope with them, if not yet adequate, at least approach adequacy, and can be supplemented with further appropriations from the federal government and the resources of the state itself. The Urban Development Corporation will have $6 billion available for slum rebuilding. The

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state has a $1 billion program to combat water pollution, $2 billion for the Housing Finance Agency, a $2.5-billion transportation bond issue, a $700-million hospital construction program, and other plans for welfare and modernization. "For me to leave these things with their full potential as yet unused could jeopardize the fulfillment of the programs," the Governor said in an interview with Sydney H. Schanberg of *The New York Times* (December 10). "The potentials are too exciting. And they might never be realized if I don't follow them through."

This is not vanity; it is a realistic view based on past experience. Money alone cannot heal America's ills. In addition the task calls for the gusto and buoyancy with which Mr. Rockefeller is amply endowed. And if he succeeds in New York, he will be setting an example that politicians, up to and including the President, will not be able to ignore.

Unjust and Unequal

This brief season of mercy is an appropriate time to call attention to the perennial problem of excessive sentences for criminal offenders. The outstanding spokesman against sentences which are both unjust and unequal is James V. Bennett who, until he retired in 1964, had been director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons for twenty-seven years. Mr. Bennett made a convert of Robert F. Kennedy when he became Attorney General, but even so the two men were unable to accomplish any reform in the present system. Now, with a new Attorney General coming in, Mr. Bennett will try again to talk sense and reason on his favorite subject to the Department of Justice and the Congress.

Here are a few choice items from Mr. Bennett's bountiful collection of horror stories (all, of course, federal cases). A former Army officer, a first offender, convicted of passing several bad checks, was sentenced to eighteen years. About the same time, a young man with a record of sex offenses, convicted of robbing a bank of $5,000, was sentenced to ninety days.

These are not isolated cases. The average sentences for auto theft vary from eleven months in the western district of New York to forty-six months in Wyoming. Federal judges hand out terms for forgery that range from nine months in Maine to sixty-three months in Oklahoma and fifty-eight months in Arkansas. And the average time actually spent in federal prisons varies nearly as much as the sentences; in northern New York the average is eleven months, in Massachusetts twenty-five months, in Iowa fifty-two months. A lawyer with no criminal record, a war veteran, married and with a family, was convicted of conspiring to smuggle parrots into the country from Mexico and was sentenced to eleven years, for parrot smuggling. When his case finally came to Mr. Bennett's attention the man had already served three years; because of an excellent prison record, Bennett was able to get the sentence cut to five years.

Judge Simon E. Sobeloff of the Court of Appeals for the 4th Circuit is an ally of Mr. Bennett in the campaign to secure a measure of consistency and sense in the matter of federal sentences. He cites two cases in Fort Worth. One man was convicted of fraudulently cashing a check for $58.40. He had no prior record, he was out of work, his wife was ill, and he needed money for rent, food and medical bills. At about the same time, another defendant, who had been previously convicted of drunken driving and nonsupport, and who was also out of work and in desperate financial straits, fraudulently cashed a check for $35.20. The first man was sentenced to fifteen years in prison, the second to thirty days.

In March, 1966, a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee held hearings on a proposed bill which would have made excessive sentences subject to appeal and review. The bill passed the Senate but the House failed to act. It has been endorsed by the American Bar Association and the Judicial Conference of the United States.

Judges should have a large discretion in sentencing, and no doubt a case can be made for some variation in circumstances from district to district (stealing a car in Wyoming may have more serious consequences than a similar theft in Boston). Still the federal courts are part of a single judicial system and the record overwhelmingly supports Mr. Bennett's case for reform. But it is the obvious social reforms that always seem the most difficult to achieve. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bennett's proposal may, in 1969, prove an exception to this perverse maxim.

The Representational Gap

A reading of two recent polls, one by Louis Harris, the other by George Gallup, measures the present extent of political disaffection. The Gallup poll indicates that 15 million Americans, who were registered, "sat out" the 1968 Presidential election, either from lack of interest in politics or from dissatisfaction with the three candidates. (A much larger number of those of voting age failed to register or did not vote because of illness, absence, change of residence, etc.). A majority of 54 per cent of voters in this latest post-election survey said that they had "split" their ticket and voted for candidates of different parties.

The Harris poll indicates that in a time of unprecedented material affluence, 28 per cent of the adult population—more than 33 million Americans—feel substantially alienated from the mainstream of society. Conspicuously represented among the alienated are the poor, the old, the blacks, and the people who never went to school beyond the eighth grade. Those who voted for George Wallace also express a high sense of isolation from "the American power structure."

Mr. Harris sums up his survey: "In adult America, blacks are now an estimated 12 per cent of the population, whites over 65 are 17 per cent, whites earning under $3,000 a year are 10 per cent, whites with no more than a grade school education are 17 per cent and the Wallace supporters come to just over 13 per cent of the 1968 election. Taken together and eliminating overlap, these groups come close to 50 per cent of the adult population." With 15 million voters so disaffected that they sat out the Presidential election and with perhaps 50 per cent of the adult population alienated from the mainstream of Amer-

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ican society, it is apparent that the representational gap has become dangerously extended. This is, perhaps, the "gap" that should concern Mr. Nixon more than the others that he and his associates have mentioned.

Cayuga's Waters

An important utility, the New York State Electric & Gas Corporation, owns and operates a coal-fueled electric generating station on the east shore of Cayuga Lake, about 16 miles north of Ithaca. With the demand for electric power in the United States doubling every six to ten years, the northeastern part of the country is no exception. Consequently NYSEG is planning to build an 830-megawatt nuclear-fueled station adjacent to the coal-fueled one; it would use the lake water for cooling purposes.

This plan has come under scrutiny by a group of specialists, all of them Cornell staff members but not acting on behalf of the university. One reason for their interest is the fact that nuclear-fueled plants require more cooling water per unit of output than plants burning coal, oil or gas. Another is that Cayuga, together with other Finger Lakes in west-central New York, is an unusual and precious natural resource, whose ecology may be upset by a rise in water temperature. The findings of these residents of the area are contained in a pamphlet, "Thermal Pollution of Cayuga Lake by a Proposed Power Plant."

The proposed NYSEG plant is a large one, both in electrical output and demand for cooling water. Every twenty-four hours, year round, some 100 million cubic feet of water drawn from the cool lower layer would be discharged into the upper layer at 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit. The production of algae and other plankton organisms would increase, while oxygen would be depleted at greater depths, to the disadvantage of fish species such as lake trout. In addition to this thermal pollution, chemical pollution might result from the flushing of pipes in the plant with compounds containing chlorine, hydrochloric acid, corrosion inhibitors, etc. Still other risks would be entailed.

These deleterious effects—some certain, some conjectural—are none of them technologically unavoidable. While the use of water from a lake or river for cooling is the least expensive method, a number of alternatives are available. One design would use evaporating towers for closed-circuit cooling, a technique similar to that of a display fountain which circulates the same water over and over again. In such a system, water losses can be made up by drawing from the lake, but without thermal pollution of the source.

The Cayuga Lake discussion may be one harbinger, among many, of the emergence of a more enlightened social attitude to replace the outworn Puritan-Protestant primacy-of-profit attitude, which has served as cover for so much spoliation and exploitation. Nowadays a utility, especially one going nuclear, cannot afford to antagonize the community or to take the compliance of the Atomic Energy Commission and other public bodies for granted. In any form, pollution is no longer a God-given right of corporations; with few exceptions corporate leaders know it. The AEC does not concern itself with thermal effects on bodies of water, but the New York State Department of Health does have that responsibility. In the present case, the utility officers, no less than the conservationists, will probably come around to the realization that the purity of Cayuga Lake is more important than a slight decrease in the cost of generating power.

Tijerina Acquitted

After deliberating for four hours, a jury in Albuquerque, N. Mex., unanimously voted to acquit Reies Lopez Tijerina of three charges resulting from a celebrated courthouse raid that took place some eighteen months ago (see "Guerrillas of Rio Arriba: The New Mexican Land War" by Clark Knowlton, *The Nation*, June 17). News of the verdict threw Tijerina's grass-roots followers into "joyful tears," but New Mexico officialdom was stunned.

The movement of social protest that Tijerina has been leading in the Rio Arriba section of northern New Mexico has its roots in the long and complicated history of what happened to Spanish land grants after the U.S. war with Mexico. It is an old story indeed and one with painful overtones. But the present protest is something new, stemming from the "land war" but much broader. What it reflects is a body of grievances which have been aggravated, and made more difficult of solution, by a century of neglect and inattention.

Officials in Santa Fe and Washington should read the meaning of the verdict with care; the new protest movement can be expected to intensify if the grievances on which it is based are permitted to fester. The recent hearings by the Civil Rights Commission in San Antonio should remind officials, state and federal, of the new ferment and unrest that is stirring among the country's approximately 6 million Spanish-speaking citizens, most of whom live in the states of the old Spanish borderlands.

Buried At Last

A three-judge panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals has just handed down a unanimous ruling that the ashes of Robert G. Thompson, a veteran of World War II, must be accepted for burial in Arlington National Cemetery. A member of the Communist Party, Thompson had been convicted of violating the Smith Act, but he held an honorable discharge from the Army and had been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism in action (see "Banned from Valhalla," *The Nation*, February 14, 1966). Now, three years after his death, the federal government has been formally instructed to honor its commitment to a dead soldier.

Nothing so demeaned the administration of the Department of Justice under Nicholas Katzenbach as his decision that Thompson could not be buried in Arlington Cemetery —the more so as he ruled in response to right-wing pressure. It is humiliating that a court order was needed to compel the federal authorities to act honorably in a matter of this sort, but the decision will, to some extent, erase the unpleasant memory of Katzenbach's vindictive ruling.

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THE BACKWASH OF PRAGUE

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

On August 20, when the Soviet tanks rolled into Prague, it all seemed a horrible tragedy for Czechoslovakia. One foresaw concentration camps of the *Ivan Denisovich* type (or worse) being set up near Prague and Bratislava; one expected a censorship in Czechoslovakia as brutal as that of the Moscow *Glavlit*; one guessed that a new Soviet-type "Socialist legality" would be enforced in Prague—whereas the Soviet leadership (or rather, the Hawks of the Kremlin) had just violated every international undertaking of the Soviet Union since World War II, including the Resolution on the Definition of the Aggressor, adopted by the UN at the instigation of the Soviet Union itself, and all the sanctimonious assurances about noninterference in the affairs of foreign countries and foreign Communist parties, and the recognition of "polycentrism."

The fact of polycentrism was first established by Tito in 1948, and the word was coined by Palmiro Togliatti, that very remarkable man and thinker who, until his death in 1964, had for many years headed the Italian Communist Party. Under Togliatti's influence, not only the Italian CP but many others started an "Away from Moscow" movement. One of the slowest in the West to accept "polycentrism" was the French Communist Party which, under the leadership of Maurice Thorez, remained firmly subservient to the Kremlin. But Thorez died in 1964, and his successor, Waldeck-Rochet, has moved the French party (second in size only to the Italian in the countries of the capitalist West) more and more toward polycentrism. It may now be regarded not only as a French National Communist party, but as the only French party on the left of any consequence whatever. During "the events" of May-June, the Communists acted according to a realistic understanding of the situation, firmly refusing to approach the "revolutionary abyss" into which the crazier of the students tried to drag the French working class. In these same weeks, Mitterrand, Mendès-France and Guy Mollet of the "moderate" or old-time "social-democratic" Left, reeking of Fourth- and even Third-Republic mothballs, merely made themselves ludicrous. Mitterrand at the end of May declared, in effect, that in a few days he would be President of the Republic (in place of de Gaulle) and that Mendès-France would be Prime Minister (in place of Pompidou). The French Communist Party behaved with much greater political wisdom, becoming, as it were, "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition"—the French equivalent of the Labour Party—while the various brands of Gaullists (from near Fascists like Alexandre Sanguinetti to true liberals like the new Minister of Education, Edgar Faure) took on approximately the role of the British Tories.

The wreckage of the Third and Fourth Republics counts for less today (and is much more disreputable) than does even the small group of Liberals in the British House of Commons. De Gaulle may well live for another fifteen years. At 77, he not only showed last spring the most amazing cunning in solving an (in fact) artificial "crisis" [See "Students, Workers and the General" by Alexander Werth, *The Nation*, June 24], but, more recently, abated if he did not solve the international monetary crisis by announcing that there would be *no* devaluation of the franc —and that barely twelve hours after *Le Monde* had intimated that a Cabinet meeting, with de Gaulle presiding, had decided on a "less than 10 per cent devaluation." De Gaulle has been hated by most of the foreign press, and by a large part of France (as the 1965 Presidential election showed) for all kinds of reasons, most of them wrong: for decolonizing the vast French possessions in Africa, for granting independence to Algeria and terminating the senseless war started there by Mendès-France, Guy Mollet and the other "Socialists" and "left wingers." The "Socialist" Robert Lacoste, Resident Minister of Algeria, personally authorized the torture of Algerian prisoners.

One of the great private satisfactions I derived from the Gaullist sweep of the general election last June was the defeat of "my" two "Left" deputies in the Dordogne department by two Gaullists, whose names I don't even remember. The important thing is that in the Dordogne we get rid of two phony leftists. One of them was the just mentioned Robert Lacoste; the other was the 80-year-old Georges Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister of the Munich days. We know now that when, two months after Munich, Bonnet received Hitler's Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, he not only refused to invite the two Jewish ministers in the Daladier government to the official receptions (these were Georges Mandel and Jean Zey, both later to be murdered by the Vichy *Milice*), but he even expressed (as we have since learned from German archives of 1938-39) "enormous interest" in Hitler's way of dealing with the "Jewish problem." At that time, the super-extermination camps with gas chambers, on the scale of Auschwitz and Majdanek, had not been opened, but there were smaller camps like Dachau, most of whose inmates were Jews. Bonnet told Ribbentrop that there would be too much opposition in France even to a Dachau type of camp on French territory, but said he was determined to make a start on the "problem" as soon as possible by deporting, say, 10,000 Jews to the Saharan regions of French North Africa. In contrast to this kind of Third Republic "liberalism," de Gaulle has *never* been anti-Semitic, though his warning to the "hawks" of Israel was pointed to by some as an example of his racial prejudice. This interpretation was wholly wrong, as the Chief Rabbi of France realized after a long talk with the President during the 1968 New Year's reception at the Elysée Palace. The Chief Rabbi declared afterward that he had been "perfectly satisfied" by what de Gaulle said to him.

The May riots confirmed a prophecy made many years ago by André Malraux, that in the end only two forces in France would really matter: the French Communist Labor Party and the French Gaullist Tory Party. In short, France seems to be moving toward a two-party system, with a little wreckage from the Third and Fourth Republics floating about in the middle.

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Illingworth, Punch

Mother Love

Even in the period of their greatest subservience to Moscow, the French Communists were not happy about Russian cultural and especially literary controls. I remember talking in 1948, at the height of the cold war, to Pierre Courtade, one of the finest Communist journalists in France (he died recently at the tragically early age of about 45). Courtade's position in those days was one of "unconditional obedience," but nevertheless he said to me of the 1946-48 Zhdanov purge in literature and the other arts: "These people are ridiculous. By and large, the Russians are right in both their domestic and foreign policies, but this persecution of writers in the land of Pushkin and Gogol, of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, is both odious and totally destructive." He added, "That is the way all we responsible French Communists feel, but we can't make a fuss at the height of the cold war, with its Truman Doctrine, Marshall Plan and 'Bomb Moscow Now' hysteria." It is logical, thus, that the first great official expression of the French party's emancipation should have come in 1966 with Louis Aragon's sharp condemnation of the Siniavsky-Daniel trial and the savage sentences that resulted.

A few months after that trial, and after long, embarrassing delays caused by a strong nonconformist opposition, the Soviet Writers' Union, that fortress of Socialist-realist conformism, finally convened its Fourth Writers' Congress in Moscow on May 22, 1967. For several weeks before, I had been receiving pressing telegrams inviting me to attend (not that they offered to pay my fare), and I almost went. Indeed, I got my bags as far as the scales at Le Bourget, and then suddenly I thought to myself: What *am* I to do when I get there? What can I say? Nothing? But they will pester me until I do say something. And the choice is clear: either a lot of sweet nothings, which would be contemptible, or an all-out attack on their new system of sending writers to jails and camps. (It didn't exist under Khrushchev, or even under Stalin after about 1940—except for the Yiddish authors, and there the reasons, however bad, were political, not literary.) That would mean abandoning my plan to make a close two- or three-month study of the Soviet Union in the summer of 1967. So I quickly recovered my bags and called for a taxi. I then sent a cable saying I had suddenly fallen ill, but hoped to come "in a week," i.e., when the Writers' Congress would be over.

Lillian Hellman, C. P. Snow and other Western writers who attended the Congress were, indeed, pestered to speak and refused. The only Western writer to address the Congress was Armand Lanoux, a leading authority on de Maupassant, who spoke on behalf of the four-member French delegation—two Communists and two non-Communists. He advocated "cultural coexistence" (one of the worst crimes against ideology that a Soviet writer can commit), and then, referring to the Siniavsky-Daniel case, he declared: "There are certain measures you have taken in recent years that have filled your worst enemies with glee, and have caused nothing but grief and consternation to your best friends." Lanoux himself later told me:

> Half the hall burst into frantic cheering, while the other half observed an icy silence. . . . And then, the answer to my speech came like a flash. Somebody had mounted the rostrum—somebody called Evgeni Surkov. I could scarcely believe my ears. He was doing me the honor of answering me immediately, of improvising his answer. This representative of the powers that be informed me very politely, but also very firmly. that he disagreed with me, and *that there could be no such thing as ideological coexistence with the West*. There was some vague little clapping here and there. The incident was closed. There was not a single allusion, right to the end of the Congress, to the other point I had raised.

The Soviet press gave a brief account of Lanoux's speech, but printed not a word of his plea for greater intellectual freedom, still less for Siniavsky and Daniel.*

There is not the slightest doubt that a fierce struggle is today in progress between the hawks and the doves of the Kremlin. It is impossible to tell who exactly on the Politburo voted for the invasion of Czechoslovakia and who opposed it, but the chief hawk is certainly Brezhnev. Ever since the fall of Khrushchev in October of 1964, Brezhnev (who assumed the title of General Secretary of the party, a title which only Stalin had used before him) has been reverting to Stalinism. Much to everybody's astonishment, he spoke of Stalin in the most laudatory terms as early as

* I quote this incident from the proofs of my new book, *Russia: Hopes and Fears*, to be published shortly by Penguin Books in Great Britain and by Simon & Schuster in the United States. The title is derived from a letter I received from a young Russian intellectual last September, a few weeks after the invasion of Czechoslovakia: "Since Prague, our last year's timid *hopes* of a liberalization of Russia have gone up in smoke, perhaps for a very, very long time, while our *fears* of a return to some particularly fiendish kind of Stalinism have grown immeasurably."

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May, 1965, during the celebrations of the twentieth anniversary of the victory over Germany. Although nobody could prove it, everyone in Moscow assumed in 1966 and 1967 that it was Brezhnev who convinced a majority of the Politburo to approve the trial of Siniavsky and Daniel, and that the minority which opposed the trial was led by Kosygin. The 23rd Party Congress of 1966, besides reestablishing the Stalinist title of "General Secretary" for Brezhnev, also gave the Stalinist name of "Politburo" to what under Khrushchev was known as the "Presidium."

Khrushchev had been a complete opportunist, interested above all else in power for himself. In ideological and literary matters he blew hot and cold. At one time (1962), encouraging the "thaw," he even instructed *Pravda* to publish Yevtushenko's famous poem, "The Heirs of Stalin," and *Novy Mir* (also in the fall of 1962) Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. At other times his discourses on art and literature were as vile as any made by Zhdanov, Stalin's art and literary dictator in 1946-48. But when he ranted, Khrushchev's bark was worse than his bite, and except for the scandalous Pasternak affair of 1958—for which Khrushchev was scarcely to blame, it having been engineered by some of the top bureaucrats of the Writers' Union in Moscow—the Khrushchev period of 1953 to 1964 was marked, on balance, by a slow liberalization in literature and the other arts.

When Brezhnev became head of the party in October, 1964, there began a gradual return to some of the worst features of Stalinism—and without even Stalin's excuses. The great purges of 1937-38 could be explained, though not justified, by the tense international situation, with Hitler threatening invasion at any moment—not without some encouragement from the "free hand in the East" enthusiasts in Britain, France and elsewhere. And the later Zhdanovism, nasty though it was, was obviously a by-product of the cold war. Absolute discipline, total subservience to the state, on the part of *everything* in Russia, including literature, art and even music, could, to some degree, be justified. Not only was Stalin's Russia on the defensive during those postwar years but even what it had gained as a result of the war was in danger—as, for example, Yugoslavia, which unexpectedly broke away from Stalin's new East European empire in 1948.

In 1965 Russia was not threatened by anybody or anything and yet Brezhnev restored some of the harshest Stalinist methods. Many writers lost their lives in the Stalin-Yezhov purges of the 1930s, but after 1941, with the exception of the Yiddish authors, who were pretty well exterminated around 1950, no writer was shot, imprisoned or deported during the last fourteen or fifteen years of Stalin's rule. Akhmatova and Zoshchenko were expelled from the Writers' Union, and other writers, artists and composers were abused and insulted, but no one was actually imprisoned, let alone shot.

Nor is there a single case on record of any artist, writer or musician having suffered any kind of persecution (apart from occasional abusive speeches by Khrushchev and people like his propaganda chief L. F. Ilyichev) between the death of Stalin in 1953 and the Brezhnev regime which began to show its full wickedness in 1966. The chief examples of the "new spirit" of 1966 were the Siniavsky-Daniel trial, and certain particularly nasty speeches made at the 23rd Party Congress, notably by Mikhail Sholokhov —the self-appointed or Brezhnev-appointed Grand Inquisitor for literary matters—and by General Epichev, the head of the Political Department of the Armed Forces, who is now one of the best-hated men in Czechoslovakia. After the Siniavsky-Daniel trial came many more, often quasi-secret, trials of writers and poets.

I had a rather sinister experience earlier this year. I wrote an article for the Moscow *Literary Gazette* to show up the NTS, an American-subsidized, anti-Soviet propaganda organization in Munich, which pretended to its American backers that it had a powerful anti-Soviet underground inside Russia. But the *Literary Gazette* wrote to say that they could not publish my article, since it suggested that subversive activities were virtually nonexistent inside the Soviet Union, whereas, in reality, it was the duty of Soviet citizens to be extremely vigilant. That precisely was what happened in 1937-38 at the height of the Yezhov-Stalin purges, when anybody and everybody could be suspected and denounced as a German, British, American or Japanese spy.

It now begins to look as if some such "purging" has already begun in Russia. People there are already terribly scared to write to anybody living abroad. Except for one letter from a courageous young intellectual and another from an old wartime friend, very much a member of the Establishment but an intellectually honest man—who wrote that there was "something to be said" for the invasion of Czechoslovakia (he called the invasion euphemistically "the military operation"), but time alone would show whether he was right or I was right—the few letters I have received read like *Pravda* or *Izvestia* editorials. No personal friend has dared write *anything* to me since the Soviet tanks entered Prague.

On December 1, *Le Monde* published a remarkable editorial entitled simply "MVD"—initials identifying the Soviet Ministry of Internal Affairs, or what used to be called NKVD, the People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs, of unholy 1937-38 memory. *Le Monde* wrote:

> While the Soviet leaders are trying to strengthen their military pressure against their allies, notably Romania, and seem, for the time being, satisfied with the "alignment," albeit very relative, of Prague, we are now witnessing a return to the "good old methods" of the Stalin days inside the Soviet Union itself. The Ministry of the Protection of Public Order, which Mr. Khrushchev had set up, has now been replaced by the MVD. On the face of it this change of name does not mean much, and should not, in principle, much affect the (already somewhat limited) individual freedoms enjoyed by Soviet citizens. The Soviet press stresses that the new ministry will "strictly observe Socialist legality," and that its jurisdiction will extend only to the municipal and communal police, and not to the state police, which will remain until further notice under the authority of the KGB, the Committee for State Security. . . . It should be remembered, however, that the new ministry, like its predecessor, will be in charge of prisons, labor camps and "forced residence areas," the population of all of which has obviously greatly increased lately. . . . All this, in

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any case, suggests a strengthening of party control over the police. And the revival of the MVD, a federal body which had been dissolved by Khrushchev in 1960, implies something ominous.

Even if the reform amounts to no more than a change of name, the very return to the MVD, successor to the all too famous NKVD, points to a total disregard by the Kremlin rulers of the psychological effect such a change is bound to have. If not yet the substance, at any rate the symbols of Stalinism are being openly revived.

I have the strong impression that, as long as Brezhnev enjoys a majority on the Politburo, he will work to set up a particularly savage police regime, whose principal victims will be countless Russian intellectuals, engineers and technicians, those who showed greatest sympathy for the Czechs, and for Dubcek in particular. A typical story is that of an old man sprinkling with a watering can a bit of lawn behind the Lenin Mausoleum and near Stalin's grave. When asked what he was doing, he says: "Well, I planted a little acorn here, and hope it will grow quickly into a little oak (a *dubcek*)."

The invasion of Czechoslovakia violated practically all the Soviet Union's international undertakings and treaties, and so discredited the Soviet Union in the eyes of the world that Brezhnev and company do not dare, for the present, to commit any further outrages against Czechoslovakia; accordingly, the ruling team there is growing ever bolder and more independent. But Brezhnev is, instead, taking it out on countless Soviet citizens whose sympathies have been with the Czechs. Brezhnev cannot, however, do this with impunity. His opposition within the Politburo must be growing, as many of those who voted for the invasion come to realize that its effects have been disastrous for Russia. To take just one example, what face does Mr. Gromyko, that arch-defender of the sanctity of international treaty obligations, put on as he enters the UN building in New York? And I can well imagine how Ambassador Valerian Zorin felt in Paris when hundreds of guests invited to the embassy reception "to celebrate the fifty-first anniversary of the Great October Revolution" answered as I did: "Thank you for your kind invitation, but my wife and I regret not to be able to attend the November 7 embassy reception *this year*."

Stalin's foreign policy may have been cynical, even wicked, but it was never *stupid*. He had the good sense to realize in 1948, for instance, that sending tanks into Belgrade would do infinitely more harm than good. Instead, he enforced an economic boycott on Yugoslavia, called "Tito and his clique" a bunch of "imperialist agents and traitors"—and left it at that. So it would not surprise me if, within three or four months, Brezhnev fell with a crash even greater than the toppling of Khrushchev. In that case, the public prosecutor would again be M. A. Suslov. He is far from being a liberal, but he has at heart the relative cohesion of the world Communist movement, and this has been killed, at least temporarily, by the invasion of Czechoslovakia. A. N. Kosygin, who as head of the government holds himself responsible for both home and foreign policy, and who realizes only too well what terrible harm the invasion has done the Soviet Union, would succeed Brezhnev; Soviet troops would be pulled out of Czechoslovakia, and Russia's international standing would be rehabilitated.

I rather think that the Czechs, too, will eventually see that they made some mistakes. They will not restore an *absolute* freedom of the press—for under such freedom there would be nothing, for instance, to prevent the CIA from flooding Czechoslovakia with anti-Russian and anti-Soviet literature. But as long as Brezhnev is boss, I am much more worried about the many thousands of pro-Czech Russians than I am about the Czechs themselves, who have played their hand with extraordinary skill.

NO TRUST AND NO MONEY

YOUNGSTOWN SHUTS ITS SCHOOLS

GENE I. MAEROFF
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Youngstown, Ohio

An indication of the fate that lay in store this fall for Youngstown's 12-mill school levy was the refusal of several of the art students at Chaney High School to draw promotion posters for the tax. "My parents told me you teachers have it made," some of the teen-agers told their art teacher. "They say you already make enough money." When the voters got a chance to express their feelings, the measure was defeated—the sixth straight time that a school levy has been turned down in Youngstown.

Today the 28,000 public school students in this city of 170,000 are in the midst of an extended winter vacation. The green and red heavy-duty tinsel is festooned above Federal Street and shoppers hurry in and out of Strouss' and McKelvey's, but the doors of the city's forty-five schools have been closed since the day before Thanksgiving, November 27, and will not open again until January 2. Ohio law forbids deficit financing by school boards, and when he ran out of money, Superintendent Woodrow Wilson Zinser merely closed down.

Furthermore, the vacation that Youngstown's youngsters are now enjoying could be short compared to what may await them next fall. Unless the levy is passed in 1969, the money will run out very early in the school year and the next "holiday" could be the longest in the annals of American education.

Youngstown's plight arises from a combination of taxpayer resistance, deterioration of real estate values, shifting racial balance and union struggle. It may well be

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setting a pattern that will be encountered elsewhere before long. As the younger and more affluent residents of Youngstown have flocked to suburban Boardman, Austintown and Liberty Township, they have left behind the Negroes, the elderly who live on fixed incomes, and other less affluent citizens. At the same time, vast highway programs, urban renewal and the expansion of Youngstown State University have removed $9.6 million of real estate from the tax rolls in a single year. This represents a $200,000 loss to the Youngstown schools. Meanwhile, teachers are dividing into union and nonunion camps and squabbling in the open. The public is developing serious doubts about pouring more money into this acrimonious scene.

Youngstown is a steel town, and James P. Griffin, the shrewd bargaining expert who heads District 26 of the United Steelworkers of America, wields the power of labor in the city. Griffin wears dark, conservative suits, occupies a sleek, paneled office and looks more a steel executive than a former steelworker turned union leader. But it takes little time to discover that his sympathies are very much prolabor and that he believes the Youngstown Federation of Teachers (YFT), local affiliate of the AFL-CIO American Federation of Teachers (AFT), has been given a runaround by the school board.

"The school board has failed to resolve on a fair and equitable basis the question of sole and exclusive bargaining rights," Griffin says in explaining his opposition to the board's recognition of the Youngstown Education Association (YEA), affiliate of the National Education Association (NEA), as bargaining agent for all the teachers. "I don't relish my position of not being able to support the school board, but I can't support an organization that's anti-labor in a labor town."

Thus, when it came time to endorse the 12-mill levy, a few of the smaller unions, including some of the building trades and the public employees, lent their support; but the giant Steelworkers with 30,000 members in Mahoning County, and the Greater Youngstown Council of the AFL-CIO, remained silent. In such a contest, not endorsing was as effective as being against.

Youngstown's battle between the union teachers and the nonunion teachers could be duplicated in almost any city in the land. In Ohio, the NEA had lost Cleveland and Toledo to the AFT and is fighting not to drop Youngstown or any of the remaining large Ohio cities. In Youngstown, only 140 of the 1,100 teachers and administrators belong to the YFT and more than 900, including about seventy administrators, are members of the YEA. But behind the tiny YFT is the power of the city's labor movement, and what might otherwise be no contest has turned into a real struggle.

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The YFT was already organized when the first of the six levies was defeated in December, 1966. It had struck for three days the month before—the first teachers' strike in Ohio—in demand of a representation election. In 1966, the board had arbitrarily named the YEA as the bargaining agent. Another levy defeat followed in May, 1967, and the measure went on the ballot again in November, 1967. Superintendent Zinser, who was to maintain an admirable impartiality on the question of representation, became superintendent in August, 1967. He went to Griffin before the November election to try to get his support:

> [Griffin] told me he wouldn't support the levy because the school board was not representative of labor, because the school people had not helped him the previous year in getting a bond issue passed to provide funds for the establishment of a community college and because we hadn't had free elections to choose a bargaining agent for the teachers.

In that November election, four of the seven seats on the school board changed hands, three of them being won by persons sympathetic to labor. This was a vital step toward breaking the communications barrier that had arisen in the community. But the levy—for 6.1 mills at this point—went down to defeat, getting 44 per cent of the votes when more than half was needed for passage.

After that defeat, the YFT began pushing even harder for a representation election. The wounds that had been opened by the strike were exacerbated by what the YFT viewed as an anti-labor majority on the school board. A good deal of bitterness developed then between the two factions of teachers and it has shown no sign of abating.

"I might be friendly with a union teacher, but I'm not going to compromise with him," says YEA president Roy C. Fisher, a nineteen-year veteran of the Youngstown system who teaches high school French and English. "I'm dead set against what they stand for. I wouldn't give up my principles for them. You can't be a teacher by a clock as the Union would like. When you're working with people it's different than when you're working with bricks or steel."

Extensive cutbacks were made during the 1967-68 school year. There was no kindergarten for the city's 2,100 5-year-olds and the school board won no friends among their mothers. Extracurricular activities were curtailed and driver's training classes were ended. But what evoked the loudest public outcry was suspension of pay to varsity coaches, though a modified athletic schedule was pursued with coaches volunteering their time.

The voters must have been unimpressed by their own voices because they rejected a levy once again last May—the fourth consecutive defeat. Meanwhile, the school board had relented on the representation issue and promised the YFT that an election would be held. Because Zinser feared that too many teachers might quit the system during the summer if the levy still was not approved, he came right back at the voters in June—a step he now admits was a mistake because he did not have time to mount a fresh campaign. The levy went down again.

Ohio law permits a school district to submit levies only three times in a calendar year, so Zinser had just one shot left in 1968. He used a new strategy for the November

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election: months in advance he began announcing that the schools would close if the levy failed. Rather than cut back on the program and conserve money to finish the year, he ran a full program, restoring almost all the funds that had been withheld. He even yielded to the YEA in September when it threatened a strike unless salaries were improved. He granted teachers a $450 raise, bringing starting pay to $6,250. To some this "go for broke" policy was a kind of intimidation. Defeat number six came last month and now the schools are shut.

In Youngstown—and other cities may find the same thing happening—the public mistrusts the school board. Furthermore, the education upheaval, especially on the campuses, is making the public suspicious of teachers and the educational process in general. In Youngstown this fall, steelworkers were working four-day weeks because industry had built up large inventories. Workers who were taking home smaller checks than usual were not about to vote teachers—of all people—more money.

Evidence that the repeated failures of the levy reflect not only a general opposition to higher taxes but a specific dissatisfaction with the schools is the fact that the citizens of Youngstown were willing to vote an increase in their personal city income tax from 1 per cent to 1.5 per cent, which funds they knew were earmarked for raises to policemen and firemen.

And the prospects for an early improvement of the situation are not great. Union opposition to the school board stiffened before the election last month because of disputes over how a bargaining representative was to be chosen. Just before a special October election in which the teachers were to vote between the YEA and the YFT, the board granted that $450 raise—to the glory of the YEA. As far as the YFT was concerned, that was bad enough, but then the board insisted that supervisory personnel be permitted to vote in the election and be represented in the bargaining. The YFT thereupon announced that it could not go through with the election and requested not to be on the ballot. In October, the election was held as scheduled, with only the YEA on the ballot.

Another group not hitherto mentioned is Youngstown's Catholics. Already burdened by the expenses of supporting their own 12,000-student system—including two high schools that each cost $1 million a year to operate—they do not welcome higher taxes. Moreover, the pay of the lay teachers in the Catholic schools is maintained at 95 per cent of the going rate in the public schools.

Among the areas of the city where the tax levy was most soundly defeated were the fourth and seventh wards, both heavily Catholic. The Catholic hierarchy, however, endorsed the levy. Bishop James Malone even sent a pastoral letter in its support to parish priests to be read at masses.

And in the background is the seldom discussed racial issue. Youngstown's school enrollment is now almost 40 per cent Negro, although the Negro population is only 20 per cent. More and more whites are coming to the conclusion that the inner-city school system will eventually be predominantly Negro, and that taxes they impose on themselves now (once levied, a school tax is permanent in Ohio) will ultimately be used in behalf of the blacks.

All of Youngstown's Negro groups supported the levy, but thus far race has not figured prominently in attacks on the measure—perhaps because people have been able to find other persuasive grounds for opposition. But in Youngstown, as in every other city, the race question will become a larger issue in every future election.

Youngstown's experience is also proof that school financing needs to be renovated. Extensive reliance on property taxes may be an anachronism. This is not a situation where the wealthy landowners are throwing pittances to the peasants. In Youngstown, which has one of the highest percentages of home ownership in the nation, the peasants are the landowners. And they do not believe they should bear the onus for supporting the schools. One Ohio state legislator is considering the introduction of a bill calling for a 1 per cent personal income tax to support schools. He feels it would be more equitable, and he is winning support.

Furthermore, many school districts need a wider tax base than the district provides. Youngstown epitomizes this need. As the city's tax base has been shrinking, its educational needs have been growing. Youngstown's downtown (even the appellation is euphemistic) is sick. The newest high-rise structure was built decades ago. Store after store stands empty, and even the ornate, 2,800-seat Warner Theater, which played first-run films for thirty-seven years, is boarded up. Woolworth's, McCrory's and Lerner Shops went to the Ohio Supreme Court earlier this year in a futile effort to have their real estate taxes slashed. In a joint suit they pointed out that other downtown retailers had fled to the suburbs and that the impact upon their property values was "devastating." The city has become stagnant, and unlike some cities which have kept pace by expanding their boundaries and gobbling up sub-

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urbs, Youngstown has remained the same size for years.

Zinser, who is living through it, says there has to be a reappraisal of the method in which public education is financed. He suggests taxes on wages and salaries instead of on property. He wants increased federal support to the point that the local, state and federal government would each conribute one-third of the budget. The state now puts up 20 per cent of Youngstown's school budget, but if there are fewer than 180 days of classes during the school year the state will not contribute a penny.

Woodrow Wilson Zinser is up to his nose in one of the worst public education crises this side of Ocean Hill-Brownsville. And few of the taxpayers seem to appreciate just how dire the situation is.

THE CHILDREN OF RIMBAUD

THRUST OF THE UNDERCULTURE

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Mr. Widmer, professor of English at a California State College, is the author of The Literary Rebel *(Southern Illinois University Press), and of books on D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller and Herman Melville.*

Recently, a former student who had been last year's archetypal hippy again confronted me. Still bearded and rebellious but now minus Indian regalia, and apparently on parole from a long term "high," he had a new thing: politics. His latest costuming included Neomarxist headgear and a good many decorative political gestures "to liven the scene in the streets of America." "You see," he concluded with a disingenuous smile, "you could turn on to me as living out the distinction you used to make between, first, a rebel who goes after a different life style, and, then, a radical who wants to fundamentally change the life of the system." He recited the lesson mockingly well; but, as with many another teacher who puts an abstract definition up against a hairy reality, I had for some time doubted my own text. Cultural rebelliousness and political radicalism come together.

From the underculture (the "marginals," the "dissident subcultures," the "generation in revolt," the "bohemian-beat-hippy tradition") comes much of the impetus for change in social values. But many intelligent people still disdain the rebels as "not authentically radical" and "not genuinely creative." So let me make the counterargument. It seems that the "reasonable liberal" is quicker to put down the rebels than is the raging reactionary. He charges them with a lack of politics, a drugged mindlessness, a self-indulgent sensuality, messy ways, a lack of high art and, in sum, for not being reasonable liberals. This comfortingly dismisses our major social revolt as mere titillation and delinquency. Yet the custodians of the ideology of affluence, who almost had us thought-rinsed into believing that everyone was well washed and well subdued, seem alarmed by the rise of the inner barbarians. A Chicago cop, a Texas politician, or a California real estate broker violently defending American Civilization against underground poets and pacifists makes good farce. But in their righteous simplicity they may also rightly perceive the way their society is going under.

Is the rebellious underculture the radical force of major social change? No, insists the usual educated response, and snobbishly shrugs off the rebellious culture as offering nothing "new." True, but that should also suggest the relevant history. Take any of the major motifs of the rebellious, such as the ecstatic consciousness, the self-chosen alienation from the mainstream society, the syncretistic religiousness, the "action" arts, the polymorphous sexuality, the flamboyant costume, the utopian communalism, the tribal poetry-music, the "loving" anti-competitive personal code, and the outrageous life styles (including reversed "standards of living") as ways of protest. All repeatedly appear, with only secondary variations in manner, in the Beats of the 1950s, in their bohemian and utopian predecessors, and in a long tradition of rebellious modern culture. Any student of the more extreme literature of the last century, of Blake and Rimbaud, of Céline and Miller, of Nietzsche and Lawrence, knows where the ideas come from, though not all the young rebels do. What were once the solitary musings of the enraged poets and nihilistic critics now become the tangible style of the ten thousands who march up country from the mainline society. The small bohemian coteries of the past now become large ghettos of the dissident. The defiant styles of the outcast become the fancy uniforms of the fashionable in-class. In sum, the imaginative assault on middle-class life, a major effort of serious modern culture, becomes a literal social reality.

But are the effects of the rebellious culture really radical? Partly, of course, they get twisted by the exploitative society. Rebellion gets plagiarized for the amusement of the bored, commercialized for the solace of moral cripples, and neutralized into a mannered game for the protection of the powerful. I believe this process occurs less through a conspiracy by the custodians of our society than as an almost inevitable result of the emptiness of the mainline culture. Middle-class life produces many things, including commerce and efficiency and comfort, but it does not produce much significant art and thought, or new sensitivities and moral passions. Yet the society hungers for these, too, and the brokers of culture and manipulators of disguised ideology must come up with intriguing styles, both as protective coloration for their profit and power and as substitute gratifications for needed social changes.

From religion to footwear, from political revulsion to personal decoration, from erotic techniques to communal visions, the margins of the rebellious culture must be

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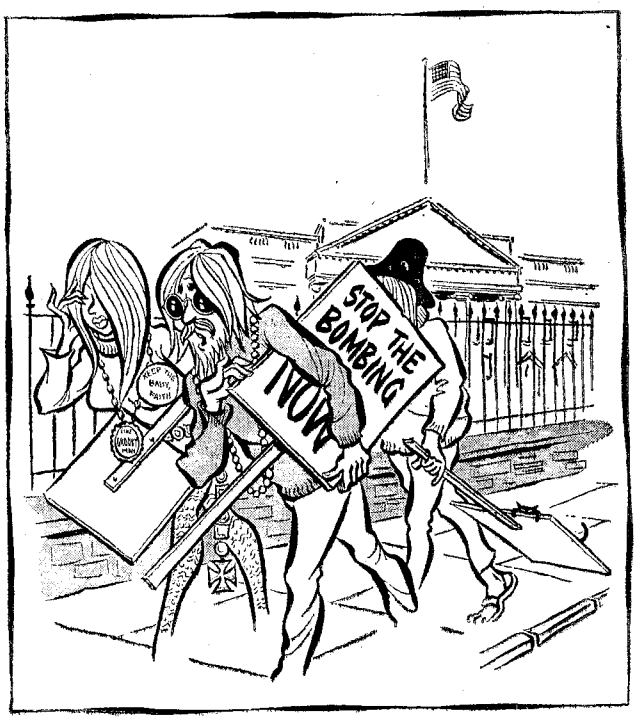
plundered for the sustenance of a disoriented and voracious society. It obtains not only much of its culture but also its moral sensitivity and social awareness from the rebels—peace and blackness as well as beads and rock. The cannibalizing of the rebellious may have accelerated, out of desperation, but the process is not new. Earlier in this century, reform movements drew heavily on bohemianism, as in past centuries moral and political awareness was strongly nourished by radical religious sectarians. The civil rights movement of the late fifties cannot fully be separated from the preceding Beat Generation's ethnic responsiveness and revulsion from the society's moral apathy. And anyone active in the anti-war and campus protests of the last four years must grant that the legions of dissent cannot be visualized apart from the beatnik-hippy-Yippy styles. Middle-class America seems aesthetically and morally unthinkable without its revitalization from outside and underneath. Hence the tolerance by way of guilt by many solid citizens for deviant behavior. Our social order inherently destroys aesthetic and moral sensibility, and so must repeatedly disguise and humanize itself by consuming the art and rebellion of subcultures.

Commonplace sophistication holds that the generations of revolt are mostly symptoms of social failures. In fact, they equally serve as agents of social change. The point needs stressing because it is a "liberal" rationalization —that minority culture is but another topical problem, like juvenile delinquency or the unemployment of the semi-skilled, to be cured by dosages of money, education, organization and intellectual hygiene. But these often exacerbate white cultural rebellion as much as they inflame black racial revolt. The rebellious culture, like blackness, is for real. Genuinely different, and subversive, it cannot be so easily ameliorated away. Dissident culture, like primitive Christianity, can become a self-generating social force and unreasonably powerful. As political and cultural extremity accelerate, co-opting partly defeats itself. Millions of Americans, for example, cannot stomach the underground styles which the culture brokers would peddle to them, and so start raging against the diet of "anarchists." That produces counter-revulsions, followed by punitive reactions which result in politicalization of the rebellious culture.

When one tries to weigh the significance for radical change of what develops out of the underculture, it appears that the most exalted offerings merit the least consideration. Such are drugs. Many of the recent studies of the hippy scene can see little else, mistaking a ritual for the total reality. Political militants may correctly judge the psychedelics as counterrevolutionary, the opiates of the elite. More importantly, and in spite of the glad tidings of the hallucinogenic gurus, drugs are not news. We have been there before, with the romantic and symbolist poets who ended testifying that drugs fail to maintain an intensified and enlarged awareness. Drugs but short-circuit what requires a whole way of life. Exoticism and defiance and desperation led to the exaggerated poetry and politics of pot until a minor indulgence was sometimes taken to be a revolutionary metaphysic. Ecstatic devices, chemical or mystical, might sometimes vault one into a different awareness and response, but to live there requires the more arduous creation of a different culture and society, which is what the drug scene finally demands.

Youth is another current opiate. Both Paul Goodman and J. Edgar Hoover indulge in this "generation hang-up," though from opposite sides. Any inherent correlation between age and radicalism seems dubious, though our Populist anti-intellectualism intentionally exaggerates the biology of discontent. Of course the young take major roles in the legions of the military. No doubt certain current conditions, including fatuous indoctrination disguised as education, totalitarian military conscription, and the exploitative meaninglessness of the corporate and public bureaucracies at whose gates they stand, fall especially heavy on the young and anger them. Then ideologues (such as those of the Peace and Freedom Party) borrow from an underculture mystique and draft revolutionary programs for the exact date in the 1970s when 50 per cent, plus one, of the American population will be under 25. Charming, but the law of demographic radicalism doesn't seem to apply to a number of countries in the world more youthful than ours. Even if there were a political biology with a rule that the young join the legions of change, which legions and which changes would they be? Perhaps some demogogue can work up the youth religiosity into a nasty political reality. Until then, we should remain skeptical of the pathetic American cultism of adolescence. Generation gap ideology merely disguises a radical dissatisfaction in the whole of our society that is naturally more visible among the young.

To take up another charge against the rebellious: their marginal ways reveal no monopoly on messy lives and destructive ambivalences. The individual origins of rebellious choices may, of course, sometimes be located in psychic and social disorders, and certainly rebellious



Yardley Jones, Toronto Telegram (Canada)

"Bet You We Don't Even Get a 'Thank-You' Note"

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styles can be ritualized into obsessional conformity. What can't? But the rebellious attempts at tribal life contain a relevant protest against a widely painful and perhaps finally unviable social form: the small, competitive suburban family. Though continuing with psychiatric crutches, and relieved by serial polygamy, the narrow and anxious nuclear family is socially regressive, and cruel to many. The awareness of this is a staple of our intellectual culture, and novels about domesticity, from Flaubert to Roth, have long provided devastating attacks on the tightly predatory family. And sexual experimentation and efforts toward broader families, now endemic in marginal groups, may often be poignant or messy, but they criticize a basic social form and attempt to restructure it. This search for new groupings, and not the post-Puritan permissiveness that is usually trumpeted, point the current direction of the continuing sexual revolution. The turn to trivial relatedness may forecast the crucial community sense of the future. New social values, and their politics, require a changed libidinal and communal order.

Similarly, the culture from down under and outside does not aim at the competitive connoisseurship of the high art of bourgeois society. The posters, the newspapers, the beads, the lyrics, the tribal decorations, the free-form psychodramas and the rest, also point to the communal. The underground arts mostly demand group rather than private responsiveness. Such communion criticizes what we may now recognize as the elitist and aggrandizing roles of much accepted modern art. Not the "artistic career" but the group art-action becomes the essential focus. The predecessors of today's underculture still yoked rebellion with the unique role of the artist; the current self-sanctification of the dissident and declassed by "creativity" operates quite outside the traditional roles of the poet and the painter. Masterpieces, or the attempt at drastically individualized art, are largely irrelevant to working on a communal style.

Besides, traditional high culture competes quite inadequately with the high decibel and hallucinatory pseudoculture of technology, which empties most art and thought. The current underground may have created the best popular arts since the technological media smashed folk culture. They, too, may go to pieces in the processing and peddling —the present experience of rock musicians, now no longer local and communal but major product lines, rather sadly confirms this. But the deep longing for a culture of communal involvement remains. The drive toward more directly engaging arts includes considerable rejection of the debased culture-of-the-word, which now less serves intellectual and individualizing motives than technological and bureaucratic rationalization. The limited hippy interest in literature tended to fantasy (Tolkien, Heinlein, the sutras, science fiction, etc.). Perhaps the major novelist linked to the underculture, Ken Kesey, long ago gave up that middle-class form for more direct arts and rebellious-communal living. No doubt standards other than those of "high" literature and art and criticism need to be applied to this new neolithic culture. Most basically, the arts of the underculture should be recognized both as protest against the dominant culture and as ritual for subcommunities which symbolically enact dreams of a different society.

Increasingly, the cultural rebellions go beyond mere consciousness, and the private practice of art, to dress and ritual and family and community. Since our bankrupt humanism (and "liberal arts" education) depends on a nurtured distinction between learned culture and social existence, we are shocked when the underculture does not make the same separation. (The same alarm is expressed when "minorities" attack "pure" and "objective" institutions and students revolt against "scholarly disinterest" and "impersonal" education.) Generally in our society, "sophisticated" and "cultivated"—and even "educated"—are terms used to praise the ability to lead a schizophrenic life, to separate culture and politics, consciousness and social function. Much of the rebellion is about that forced and painful disparity between awareness and daily activity. Social necessity once seemed to mandate that fragmentation, the opposing styles of dress and morality and ideas in public and private. No more schizophrenia, say the cultural rebels, who thus simultaneously became social radicals.

Is this a way to make a revolution? It may not be the way that the traditional Left, usually quasi-Marxist or at least Jacobin, would choose to force transformations of economic and political power. But we must take the forces of change where we find them rather than fantasize rising proletariats or progressive bureaucracies. Today's rebels may be partly characterized by their refusal to compete directly for economic and political power. Instead, they attempt to withdraw from or circumvent power by resistant and contrasting ways of behavior. In our technically overpowered systems, this may be practical as well as principled. Compare the terrible pathos of most contemporary political revolutionaries caught up in their easily corruptible, and destructive, fantasies of the usurpation of power. Those from the underculture no more choose parliamentarianism, manipulating interests and structural repression —politics as legitimacy—than they do the revolutionary variants of movement organizing, ideological polemicizing and the break into sustained violence. The contemporary rebels do not elect to man the barricades or the bureaucracies; they insist instead upon a different consciousness, resistance, and alternate life styles as the way toward true change.

From the underculture comes the politics of "anti-politics" as both protest and communal creation. Their dancing in the streets may be a more significant public action than voting in elections devoid of alternatives. Their dissident manners may have more effect than a library of pedantic position papers. And their love games may create more vitality than the political games which reinforce the deadening current structures of response. It may even be more socially effective to attempt a lively different life style than to organize a variant political ideology. Yet, strangely, many who take pleasure in what they call politics rather vehemently resent any politics of pleasure. Given our actual cities, we must suspect the political dogmatists and pragmatists who become contemptuous about aspirations to the city of love.

And given the power of modern institutions and states, the rebellious styles of undermining and resisting and

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transforming just might lead to more effective as well as more humane ways of change than the expediency and bureaucratization of reform and the violence and authoritarianism of revolution. That, anyway, seems to be the inherent logic of the rebellious underculture and it seems to be widely, though not very clearly, adopted in increasing areas of society. Historically, these must be viewed as radical phenomena, proper offspring of the antinomian heretics and the enlightenment utopians and the modern literature of rage. Critically, the efforts toward new communities and life styles highlight our inadequacies. Morally, the sensuality, color and responsiveness, the anti-authoritarianism and almost violent pacifism, and the attempts to break out of the usual institutional labors and faiths—these are sufficient in and of themselves. Without further art or ideology or politics, they make authentic and radical demands on our culture and society. We may, of course, deplore the ritual drugs, the protective cultishness about youth, the Populist anti-intellectualism, and all sorts of other deviations from middle-class and middle-aged good sense. But such changes in ways of feeling and living and being, not just changes in doctrines and institutions and powers, are what change the world. The resonance of the underculture may carry much further than usually reported, and a truly liberal or radical politics must now relate to it.

THE HEART MARKET

SOMEONE PLAYING GOD

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is on the staff of C. B. S. News.*

A few weeks ago, Maria Acosta, a 38-year-old Mexican woman suffering from a brain hemorrhage, was transferred from a sick bed in Yuma, Ariz., to St. Luke's Hospital in Houston. The arduous journey, involving a long ambulance ride from San Antonio to Houston, the patient's untimely end, the immediate transplant of her healthy heart, raise profound questions about the circumstances under which human beings may be used in scientific experiments. No one says that Mrs. Acosta was actually taken from her Yuma hospital to St. Luke's for the specific purpose of being a heart donor. But this is certain: there are at present more than thirty potential heart recipients in St. Luke's; and some have been waiting as long as three months for a donor. Was someone playing God with Mrs. Acosta's life?

What began a year ago in South Africa as a pioneering medical feat has turned into a shocking international heart transplant race. The United States has now taken the lead in this drastic and dramatic approach to cardiac therapy. But the spectacular publicity surrounding heart transplant surgery has distracted attention from the urgent need to take a sober look at the other side of the picture—the growing use of the near-dead, the allegedly moribund, as the source of human spare parts. It is a problem to be confronted most soberly by the medical profession, by Congress, by anyone who, in the future, will have a death in the family. At issue are the social and legal implications involved in research with human beings. This particular research field is still relatively small compared to its potential, but it is driving ahead because of the vast growth in government funds (most heart transplants in the United States are, in large measure, underwritten by the National Institutes of Health) as well as donations by private industry. The first Cape Town heart transplant carried the reputation of heart surgeons to heights never quite reached in the past, but to describe heart transplants as curative cardiac therapy is like describing a cobalt bomb as a cure for cancer; the case can be argued, but sensible men don't do it. The first and most shattering point about human heart transplants today is that, whether the recipient is seven years old or seventy, the prognosis for long-term survival is nil. No responsible heart surgeon—including the optimistic Dr. Barnard—has, in fact, described heart transplanting as a therapeutic process. It is occasionally described as a "clinical trial," but even this term is a misnomer. More exactly it is experimentation with human guinea pigs.

To understand why this is so it is only necessary to recognize that the focus of interest of the heart transplanters is *not* on the actual surgical techniques of the operation (the area of the public's greatest interest), but rather on the human research subject's post-operative history. During the era of animal experimentation, the surgeons perfected the transplant techniques. They then discovered that the major problems arose in the post-operative phase. Most animals died in the first few months following a heart transplant. A main reason for this is that little-understood biological factors cause the body to reject tissue-to-tissue transplants. The longest reported survival in heart-transplant experiments with dogs is fifteen months.

To avoid this reaction, the research doctors dosed the animals with drugs which suppress the body's rejection mechanism. Unfortunately, this also leaves the animal defenseless against any passing infection. Nevertheless, and despite the angry protests of anti-vivisectionists (see *Reader's Digest*, April, 1966, "Lost Pets That Stray To The Labs"), animals provided researchers with many of the clues about the heart transplant's rejection mechanism.

By the mid 1960s, the American heart transplanters—most of whom had been working for nearly twenty years with dogs—were eager to shift to human subjects. "You have to start somewhere," says Dr. Jesse E. Edwards, president of the American Heart Association. "The day has to come when somebody is the first person to whom it is done." Yet fearful that public opinion might be hostile,

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the transplanters hesitated. None of them wished to be compared to the Nazi doctors who experimented on human beings in the slave camps of the Third Reich. So it was an American-trained South African surgeon who took on world opinion. In an audacious five-hour operation, Dr. Christian Barnard cut away the diseased heart of Louis Washkansky and replaced it with the healthy heart of Denise Duvall, victim of a car accident.

More than any medical news since the discovery of the Salk vaccine, the Cape Town heart transplant stirred public imagination. In the surge of favorable publicity that engulfed Dr. Barnard, the death of his patient eighteen days later caused only a ripple of concern. On a triumphal tour of the United States, Dr. Barnard was feted like a second Pasteur; like Pasteur, he had greatly dared, not only risking his professional reputation, but to the extent that human heart transplant surgery was subject to public question, his moral reputation as well. He gambled successfully. The columnists and commentators extolled the vision and courage of his enterprise; a White House jet flew him to the LBJ Ranch, where he was the guest of an admiring President; and in a whirlwind tour of Europe he was lionized by crowned heads, everywhere besieged by crowds of eager autograph hunters.

There followed a heart transplanter's field day. Medical centers around the world provided television, magazines and newspapers with a succession of heart transplant stories. There was also a succession of obituaries, but the parallel series of events did not get equal attention; all the stress over the twelve-month span has been on the spectacular success of the operations: here a retired fireman, Louis Block, whose steady news coverage is suddenly interrupted by his death eight hours after the operation; here a steelworker, Mike Kasperak, whose postoperative fight for life blossomed into a week of front-page stories as his doctors took "heroic measures" to keep him alive; here a cheery Arizona accountant, Everett Thomas, whose brief survival went unnoticed until his surgeon, Dr. Denton Cooley, recommended yet a second heart transplant—this event was worth a few columns of news space, but the patient's subsequent failure to survive a second heart transplant rated only a three-line wire service item.

Norris, Vancouver Sun (Canada)

Understandably the response of the general public to this kind of reporting has been a widespread belief that (a) the heart transplanters know what they are doing, and (b) that heart surgeons have now provided a "miracle" cure for chronic heart disease. As a result, every medical center that has performed heart transplants has today a pathetic waiting list of hopeful cardiac cases. A few months ago, *Newsweek* reported that a small town in Oregon had started a fund to raise $75,000 for a 7-year-old girl with an enlarged heart. The fund was for "Becky's new heart." The local Kiwanis sponsored an auction. "Local stores supplied cars, furniture and other merchandise; a rancher offered a steer that sold for $1,700; a woman auctioned off a chair she had given her late husband sixty-six years ago, and a young girl, who had once had open-heart surgery, volunteered $25 she planned to earn by baby-sitting."

Something is plainly wrong. There are some signs that the medical profession itself is taking a closer look at the free-wheeling heart transplanters. *The Annals of Thoracic Surgery* commented recently: "With 800,000 people dying annually in the United States of cardiac diseasees, not one of the principals pointed out the limited therapeutic role that cardiac transplantation or mechanical hearts can ever play." In a letter to Sen. Walter F. Mondale, a physician observed caustically, "I would wager that . . . numerous intelligent lay individivuals with chronic heart disease would submit to a heart transplant. But I doubt very much that a single doctor would have the operation. The medical profession knows the problem is a long way from solution —but fails to communicate this message to the public."

So far, most medical criticism has centered on the feasibility of heart transplants. But, for the longer term, a deeper question is what effect successful heart transplants —once the rejection process has been solved—may have on medical ethics. This question, and its looming legislative implications, is well understood by the heart transplanters. Senator Mondale raised some of the more pertinent issues in a letter distributed to some 200 doctors, deans of schools of medicine, theologians, and law school deans. He proposed to offer a resolution to establish a national commission to study these issues. In a reply, Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz, a New York surgeon, said he and his colleagues were not at present organized to deal with the legal and ethical questions involved. "Who would decide which of several dying heart patients should get the available organ and the chance to live?" Kantrowitz asked. In the absence of any kind of standards to deal with this troubling question, the blunt answer could very well be this: the patient who can afford the long and expensive surgery.

But the real heart transplant problem involves the forgotten half of the transplant equation—the donor. Contrary to the general impression, few doctors can predict the so-called "moment of death" with certainty. "Thousands of persons are pronounced dead," admits Dr. Kantrowitz, "even though many of their internal organs—often including the heart—remain viable." In the case of Maria Acosta, who decided that her brain damage was fatal? As her ambulance neared the open gates of Houston's St. Luke's Hospital, was she already marked "Heart donor,

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do not resuscitate"? So far the majority of the ninety-four hearts that have been transplanted have come from brain damage victims. But the head-injury unit at England's Cambridge University counts 7,500 patients with post-traumatic amnesia every year. Four-fifths of the victims eventually survive and return to work. Moreover, of a group of 120 head-injury cases who were unconscious for more than a month, sixty-three survived. As the need for donors grows larger, the definition of death must be carefully redefined. When are you dead *enough* to be deprived of your heart? It's worth pointing out that the time of death is vital in heart transplants because the heart must be removed as soon as the doctor pronounces death; within the first half-hour is recommended.

Early in December the AMA recognized the problem to the extent of offering what it called guidelines. The death of a potential donor must be confirmed, it said, by at least two independent doctors (that is, not themselves contemplating a heart-transplant operation), and the "fact of death must be demonstrated by adequate, current and acceptable scientific evidence in the opinion of the physicians making the determination." A layman reading that carefully worded statement may wonder whether death is that subtle a determination. It is if you need to seize a heart at the first possible moment after its work is done. For some time thoughtful men have been increasingly troubled by the present attitude in the medical profession: "You're dead when your doctor says you are."

STRIPPING KENTUCKY

THE 'SUBVERSIVE' POOR

GENE L. MASON
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Lexington

Eastern Kentucky is in the heartland of Appalachia and has all the attributes associated with that colonized poverty pocket. The state of Kentucky not only has 40 per cent of the nation's one-room schoolhouses but its children suffer the highest TB rate in the nation. Almost one-fourth of the east Kentucky population over 24 is illiterate.

During the Kennedy administration, numerous anti-poverty programs were pulled from the drawing tables. We all thought we had declared war on poverty and, to some extent, on the social system that perpetuates it. But aside from the fact that the national leadership gave the war in Vietnam priority over the war in Appalachia, other contradictions are inherent in any attempt by the federal government to destroy poverty.

In eastern Kentucky one of those contradictions is a reflection of the economic system. Coal is the basic industry, and the Tennessee Valley Authority is by far the single largest buyer. The poor people do not profit from the industry—they have been ruined by it. There is an estimated 35 billion tons of coal beneath the rocky, mountainous surface of eastern Kentucky, and only 2 billion tons of it have been mined in more than half a century. Yet ten of the twenty poorest counties in the nation are in eastern Kentucky. Pike County, the largest coal-producing county in this country, is among them. Last year, 18,267,200 tons of coal were mined in Pike County alone. Coal brings the mine owners from $3 to $15 per ton, depending on the grade. Even at the lowest rate, this one county produces $50 million worth of coal in one year.

That wealth has done almost nothing for the people of the county. In the words of Harry Caudill of Whitesburg, Ky., attorney and author, "Today welfare, not mining, provides most of the money spent by families in the nation's coal fields." To understand how such poverty can exist amid such wealth one must recognize the relationship between the owners of coal companies and the county power structure—they are virtually the same. Poverty in eastern Kentucky is a political problem. None of the federally funded anti-poverty programs officially recognize it as such, but some come closer than others.

Eighteen months ago the Appalachian Volunteers (AVs) hired as its training director Alan McSurely, a 30-year-old anti-poverty worker with an M.A. in psychology. He was fired three weeks later for his alleged manipulative and Leninist beliefs. McSurely had proposed various structural changes within the AV organization and had advocated direct political action as the only means to end poverty. He urged the staff to prepare itself for the day when federal money would be cut off if poor people in the mountains really began to get organized.

McSurely and his wife Margaret were then hired by the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), a Louisville-based civil rights and anti-poverty organization, and remained in the mountains to organize. The AV staff began its work that summer sharply split among militants, moderates and a few genuine conservatives. However, the first issue in which they all joined forces was not long in coming. By mid-June, 1967, they were all working to organize poor people against strip mining—the most brutal and destructive aspect of the economic system. [See "Strip-Mine Morality: The Landscaping of Hell" by Wendell Berry, *The Nation*, January 24, 1966.]

Forty million tons of coal were stripped from Kentucky's pock-marked mountains last year—and most of that was purchased by the TVA. James Curry, Reclamation Director for TVA, apparently finds this a satisfactory relationship. "Strip mining is part of the American way," he said. He quickly rephrased his comment to "Strip mining is an integral aspect of the American economy."

Strip mining is certainly not desired, however, by the poor people who live on and around the land that is

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stripped. By a curious legal device known as the broad form deed, owners of the coal under the ground have rights superior to those who own the land above. In the early part of this century, the rights to this coal were purchased for a pittance from people who were completely ignorant of their potential value. The Kentucky Court of Appeals has upheld the rights of those who own the coal to destroy this land. A law setting limits on the degree of slope permissible for stripping, and providing for certain measures of land restoration, was passed during Democratic Gov. Edward Breathitt's administration three years ago. Strip miners declared that such regulations would destroy the industry—but the acreage under strip mining continues to grow.

Not everyone is content, however. Periodically, strip miners discover that their equipment has been dynamited in the fields. In the hot summer months of 1967, night raiders blew up a $50,000 diesel-powered shovel of the Kentucky Oak Coal Company at its stripping site in Knott County. In August, 1968, $800,000 worth of stripping equipment was blasted in Bell County. Across the line in Tennessee, several bulldozers, an auger and a railroad car were dynamited the first week of December, 1967. The total was more than $1 million of "creative" destruction. Mine guards go armed, and random shooting from both sides is not uncommon.

Even more dramatic was the action of an owner of land about to be stripped in the summer months of 1967. Jink Ray, supported by neighbors, AVs and SCEF workers, decided to stand in front of the bulldozer as it was pulling onto his land. He did, and refused to budge; the dozer went away. After a series of legal battles in which the local courts issued injunctions against Ray to prevent his interference with the stripping of his own land, Governor Breathitt came to his aid. He had the strip mine permit of the Puritan Coal Company revoked. Joe Mulloy, an AV and one of Ray's neighbors, said that "the Jink Ray victory had tremendous implications for the poor and working class in Appalachia. This was perhaps the first time since the heyday of the United Mine Workers that the operators had been challenged and defeated by the people. Ray's victory could serve as an inspiration to people all over the mountains to demand and take back what is theirs, the coal. The coal operators knew this all too well."

Meanwhile, the AVs were receiving threatening phone calls in the middle of the night. Then, during the last week of July, 1967, the Pike County sheriff, a representative of the Small Business Administration, and Robert Holcomb, president of the Pikeville Chamber of Commerce, visited the homes of McSurely and Mulloy. They questioned Mulloy generally about what he was doing in Pike County, and specifically about strip mining. Their stay was short but long enough to suggest subtly that he'd better be careful. That evening Holcomb called for a federal investigation of the AVs in Pike County.

Then, on August 11, 1967, eight days after the revocation of the Puritan Coal Company's strip mine permit, the power of the coal companies was brought to bear. Alan McSurely's home was invaded by Commonwealth Attorney Thomas Ratliff (former president of ICOA) and fifteen armed deputies. They combed every piece of printed or written material in the home for two hours—especially the research library on the coal industry that the McSurelys had collected—and confiscated all of it. When they discovered that Margaret McSurely had worked for SNCC in 1964, they arrested her as well as her husband. By midnight they had reached Mulloy's home and put him under arrest.

The following morning, these three anti-poverty workers were taken from their jail cells and arraigned. Bond was set at $5,000 for each of the two men. Margaret McSurely was six months pregnant; her bond was only $2,000. Southern Bell Telephone immediately disconnected the phones in both homes. Mulloy's auto insurance with a local agent was canceled, and he was unable to get insurance for the next six months.

The word began to spread that those arrested were Communists. Holcomb told reporters: "We know that these people are Communists. There are no ifs, ands or buts about it. . . . They intend to take over the county." Ratliff then arrested Carl Braden and his wife Ann, Executive Directors of SCEF, for attempting to overthrow the government of Pike County. Mrs. Braden had never set foot in the county, and her husband's only appearance there was to get McSurely and Mulloy out on bond.

Under the leadership of William Kunstler of Rutgers' Law Center for Constitutional Rights, the anti-poverty workers eventually managed to get the 1920 state sedition statute, which they had been charged with violating, declared unconstitutional. However, the local power structure had by then made plenty of political hay out of the matter.

Heavy pressure was put on Governor Breathitt to rid the state of AVs. Opposing the coal industry in Kentucky is risky politics. Breathitt succumbed and recommended to OEO Director Shriver that funds for AVs be cut off. On August, 18, 1967, Shriver acted. He cut off all funds without a hearing and without notifying the AV director. Some funds were later reinstated, but the AVs have received no new funds from OEO.

A confidential OEO report laid the arrests principally to "obvious political interests." This corroborated an FBI report which stated that Ratliff's prime objective was "ridding Pike County of the anti-poverty workers." It added, "Ratliff's reasons for attacking the program are economic and political: (*1*) he has made a fortune out of the coal industry and still had coal interests; and (*2*) he is running for Lt. Governor on the Republican ticket and thinks it is a good issue." But despite an agreement with the three-judge federal court not to act until the court could reach a decision on the constitutionality of the state sedition law, Ratliff proceeded with a Pike County grand jury investigation of the McSurelys and Mulloy. The people of Pike County were thereby sufficiently informed of how these outsiders were disrupting "legitimate" community interests.

Having now the declaration of unconstitutionality, the poverty workers (who had been forced to expend virtually all their energies defending themselves against personal attacks) thought they could return to organizing. However,

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at that point the federal government decided to get involved. In Ocober, 1967, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Committee on Government Operations (the old Joe McCarthy committee), chaired by John McClellan, subpoenaed the McSurelys and the records Ratliff had seized on his midnight raid. The McClellan committee is at present charged with investigating the causes of urban riots, and McClellan has said that he has evidence that the SCEF workers were instrumental to the outbreak of riots in Nashville in April, 1967. (The SCEF staff had held its quarterly meeting there April 5 through 8. Stokely Carmichael had spoken at one of the sessions, probably providing the committee with the "evidence" it needed to link SCEF with the riots.)

The subpoenas were challenged in court as illegal, since they were the "fruit of a poison tree": the material had been taken illegally, under an unconstitutional law. The McClellan committee could not act until the material was returned to its rightful owners. (However, the committee's investigator had already made photostatic copies of all the material he wanted.)

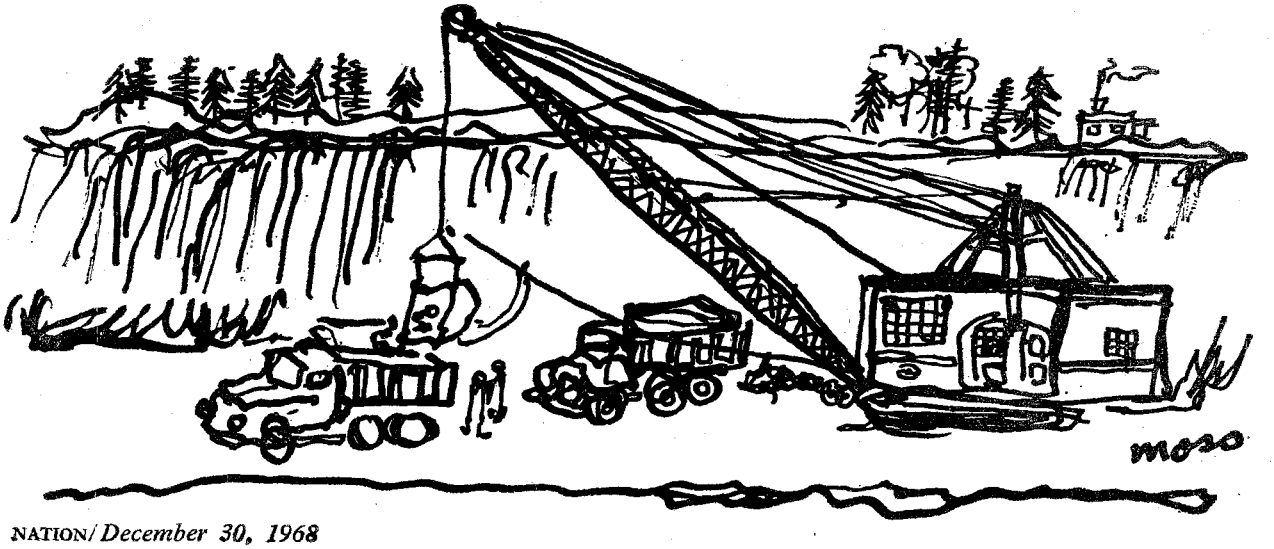
After two trips had been made to the U.S. Supreme Court, the books and documents were finally returned last November. McClellan promptly served the McSurelys with new subpoenas, requiring that they appear in Washington with their material on January 14, 1969. The subpoena specifically requests any material pertaining to the Southern Students Organizing Committee (SSOC), the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), the National Conference for New Politics (NCNP), Vietnam Summer, the AVs, SCEF, and the United Planning Organization (UPO), an umbrella anti-poverty organization in Washington, D.C. The 1968 subpoena differed from the one issued in 1967 in only one respect: a request for materials relating to "all other Marxist-Leninist organizations" was deleted. It appears that the committee wishes to link in the public mind all of the very active civil rights and anti-poverty organizations with urban riots.

While the McSurelys were fighting the McClellan committee, Mulloy was fighting his draft board. (There was little time left to fight poverty.) Mulloy had attempted to apply for C.O. status after his 2-A classification had been revoked in the spring of 1967. His draft board in Louisville refused to reopen his case. In discussions with his board, he was questioned about his activities in eastern Kentucky, and the board kept a file of clippings on him and the AVs. (Somehow Mulloy's anti-poverty, anti-strip mining efforts seemed to be relevant to his draft status.) By refusing to reopen the file, the board in effect denied Mulloy the right to appeal. When it became apparent that he would be drafted, Mulloy decided to refuse induction. In April, 1968, he was given the maximum sentence. He spent six weeks in the county jail trying to get his bond lowered from $12,000. He is now free while his case is being appealed.

Between the time Mulloy informed the AVs of his decision to refuse induction and his trial, the AVs, by a vote of 20 to 19, decided to fire him. Mulloy had been told by other AVs that the draft and the war in Vietnam were not issues that concerned the poor, and that he had jeopardized their program by his actions. Mulloy and his wife Karen joined the McSurelys on the SCEF staff.

Despite this incredible series of redbaiting and riot-baiting tactics by the city, county and federal officials, the anti-poverty workers still hoped for success. They continued their efforts to organize the poor. And some of the AVs were beginning to sense just how political poverty is. Edith Easterling, a long-time local resident, an AV and director of the Marrowbone Folk School—a cinder-block center for organizing in Pike County—put it this way: "You should see the way some of those county officers treat the people in the hollers. A friend of mine went down to the high sheriff's office and wanted to make some complaints cause we hadn't been getting any law enforcement. One night a young guy got cut in a fight at a dance at the Folk School. My friend went to the high sheriff's office and asked for help. The deputy said she was just a Communist, and she works for the AVs; and as long as they were going to be Communist, then they couldn't have anybody from the sheriff's office coming out there."

As usual, the winter was difficult in the mountains of Kentucky. But, when the Kentucky legislature met in early



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1968, things became still worse. Legislators swallowed what they were fed by the Pike County power structure. The Southern Conference Education Fund was surely a Communist front organization. So must be the AVs. The new Governor, Republican Louis B. Nunn, made a campaign promise to "run SCEF and organizations like it out of the state." He was to get ample help from Democratic and Republican state legislators. To implement his promise, a Kentucky Un-American Activities Committee (KUAC) was established. When a controversy arose as to the need and source of funds for this committee and its proposed staff of investigators, Nunn cleared the way. He generously provided $5,000 a month for KUAC (pronounced "Quack" by its opponents) from his contingency fund. The sum is greater than that received by all other committees of the state legislature combined.

The first KUAC hearings were held this summer in Frankfort and concerned the riot which erupted in Louisville during the spring. Only so-called friendly witnesses testified. The consequence of selective testimony was to blame the riots not on poverty and the racist conditions that produced them but on certain outside agitators and on Carl Braden, the executive director of SCEF. KUAC next met in October, this time to investigate un-American activities in Pikeville. The investigation was formally requested by Robert Holcomb, two students at Pikeville College who thought the college administration had become too liberal, and two residents of Marrowbone Creek, the area of Pike County where anti-poverty workers had concentrated their efforts.

The AVs, SCEF workers, and a group of students from Pikeville College, who called themselves Kentucky Students Serving Kentucky (KSSK), were no longer working on strip mining. The central issue this fall has been a controversial proposed water district grant of $1,800,000 and a $270,000 loan—all from the federal government. Pure water is also a potent issue in Pike County for, according to a local grand jury report, 80 per cent of the wells are polluted. The AVs and the Pike County Citizens Association (PCCA), a group of poor people, contend that poor people cannot afford the $25-per-household fee required to hook into the proposed water system. They have suggested a rate schedule based on income in which those below the $3,000-a-year poverty line would not have to pay. The AVs and PCCA organized poor people to support their proposal. The result was that only sixteen of the required 700 signatures were obtained for the petition indicating that those signing were prepared to pay the fee for water service.

Pikeville Chamber of Commerce President Holcomb, proud of Pikeville's designation last year as an "All-American City," said KUAC's hearings prove that the AVs were trying to "sabotage" the water district money. He went on to say that the director of the Pike County AVs, Tom Ramsey, "wanted to control the money we would get from the government." Ramsey has a different view. He contends that the water district is not designed to benefit the poor—who suffer most from the polluted well water. "The basic underlying motive of the whole business" is to "turn Pike County into a tourist center"—which will hardly benefit those people isolated in the hollows.

Although no AVs testified at the Pikeville hearings on this matter, KUAC issued an interim report on November 29 on the evidence it had heard. It recommended in the strongest possible language that the Governor see to it that the AVs be permanently discontinued. It said that the AVs had been excessively funded and a "tremendous detriment to the deserving people of this region." The report concluded that the AVs "work apparently to create strife, rather than . . . to better conditions in the area itself." When questioned by a reporter, during the news conference announcing the report, as to whether or not KUAC discovered any un-American activities in Pike County, Chairman Scott Miller (R., Louisville) hedgingly concluded that "working against the health of the people was un-American." He said the question of communism will await future hearings.

The second series of hearings in Pikeville were held on December 3 and 4. One AV staff member, Mrs. Easterling, did testify this time. In a moment of tension and silence she opened her remarks to the committee with an apology. Bystanders in the packed courthouse room moved to the edge of their seats in anticipation of her exposing communism among the AVs. In strong and unequivocal language she apologized to the people of Pike County for having helped elect that "dirty courthouse bunch" headed by Ratliff.

Tension was further stirred when she complained to KUAC that her life had been threatened because of her work with the AVs. When one of the committee members asked what threats she had received, she replied that she had received threatening telephone calls and that windows of her home had been shot out. "I don't call that threats," scoffed Charles Upton, the KUAC member. Louisville's *Courier Journal* aptly replied in an editorial the next day that had Upton been in her position he would not likely confuse such gestures "with a visit from the Welcome Wagon." Approval by the Governor is needed for the AVs to continue to receive OEO funds. That decision must be made before the first of the year.

Redbaiting, riot-baiting, charges of sedition, the collusion of local, state and federal officials, TVA's support of strip mining—this is no war on poverty. In eastern Kentucky, it is a war on poverty workers, especially those who see poverty as basically a political matter. In the early morning of December 13, a bomb was thrown at the McSurely house from a passing car; no one was hurt. The following Monday they made a formal request for investigation by the U.S. District Attorney, but Alan McSurely says: "Nothing will come of it because the people who run this country don't give a damn about the poor people." The local power structure and the anti-poverty workers could hardly be further apart. Mrs. Easterling emphasized that "some of the people up in the mountains are so scared of the courthouse gang in Pikeville that they haven't been out of their hollers to go to town for twenty years. Most of them are disabled miners with the black lung and are afraid someone will take their checks." Holcomb views the overall picture quite differently: "There really aren't any big conflicts in Pike County. If you measure the people's actual physical needs, there isn't much poverty either."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bellow's Stories: Dehydrated Novels

MOSBY'S MEMOIRS and Other Stories. *By Saul Bellow. The Viking Press. 160 pp. $5.*

D. J. ENRIGHT

Mr. Enright is a writer and critic who teaches English at the University of Singapore. He is the author, most recently, of a book of poems, Unlawful Assembly *(Wesleyan University Press).*

These six stories all have to do with man's obstinacy, his will to survive, to carry on, whether in conditions of poverty, sickness, indignity or sheer ludicrousness. The implied thesis is an admirable one—I think an occasional appearance of cloddishness is a small price to pay for Saul Bellow's stance in the face of literary arrogance, defeatism and Wastelanditis—but here it shows a little too plainly and at times it enervates or even defeats itself. Thus poor Hattie, old and battered, at the end of "Leaving the Yellow House,"

> thought that there was a beginning, and a middle. She shrank from the last term. She began once more—a beginning. After that, there was the early middle, then middle middle, late middle middle, quite late middle. In fact the middle is all I know. The rest is just a rumor.

By this time Harriet is drunk, so she needs the house she was about to bequeath, so she puts off the writing of her will until tomorrow. One sees what Mr. Bellow is after: a bedraggled, sleazy, irritable and irritating sort of courage, partly Dutch, with nothing fancy about it. But he has documented Hattie's miseries so fully that her courage, obstinacy or whatever it is, just seems rather unfortunate, misplaced, worse than useless. If you saw an animal suffering like this, you would cast around for something to kill it with, and we would really like Mr. Bellow to let Hattie quietly shuffle off during her drunken stupor, not to preserve her, cruelly, for another awful day tomorrow.

Something similar goes amiss, I think, in the title story, a clever account of a successful man seeking some humorous material with which to lighten his high-level memoirs, the record of his "mental wars," and recalling an utterly unsuccessful man called (with irony, and double irony) Hyman Lustgarten. Lustgarten is the kind of person who borrows his family's savings to invest in a Cadillac, ships it to France in 1947 in the expectation of making a killing, finds that the French have slapped on a heavy import tax the very day the car arrives, is consequently unable to pay his hotel bill and must sleep in the Cadillac, and then, just as he has located a wealthy buyer for it, drives the car down a mountainside and destroys it. The intention is clear: Mosby is "a voice which for many years had informed people of their errors," while Lustgarten is one of those people who are continually engaged in the performance of errors. Mosby, "a fanatic about *ideas*," is essentially sterile, has come to a dead halt; Lustgarten is alive, he suffers, he "moves on." But while Mr. Bellow has succeeded in making Mosby and his "mandarin irony" distasteful enough, he has failed to make Lustgarten much more than merely ludicrous, and so the parable we have come to expect doesn't realize itself.

"Oh, these Jews—these Jews! Their feelings, their hearts!" In "The Old System," the "crude circus of feelings" arising out of mankind's realization that it is human because it feels, is measured against the cold eye cast on life, on death, and is judged to be not too unsatisfactory in the final count. "The living can only will to live," says a rabbi, who adds, "I am speaking of Jews. They wanted to annihilate us. To give our consent would have been to turn from God." Mr. Bellow finds the will to live most conveniently and most potently (though at times a shade pawkily) illustrated in Jewish contexts. But it is possible to have too much will, too much "character," too much Jewishness (oh dear—to cite the narrator of this story—what a fertility of Jewish metaphor, what specialization in the chemistry of heredity!), and so to end with what approaches a parody of Jewishness. "The Old System" reads like a potted guide to another *Augie March*.

"Looking for Mr. Green," the mild adventures of a distributor of relief checks, is a white man's tour of a "blight-ridden" Negro section of Chicago.

> In some places the beds were even used in shifts, watchmen or jitney drivers or short-order cooks in night joints turning out after a day's sleep and surrendering their beds to a sister, a nephew, or perhaps a stranger, just off the bus. . . .

This is well-written sociology, pointed up by Mr. Bellow's characteristic style of thinking. The man from the relief office undergoes some moderately ridiculous experiences in his determination to find the elusive Mr. Green, and finally hands over the check to a naked, drunken woman who maybe is and maybe isn't Mrs. Green. The important thing, the thing that matters, is "that there was a real Mr. Green whom they could not keep him from reaching. . . ."

The theme is much the same in "The Gonzaga Manuscripts": men need a purpose, a belief, a quest, something which will evoke and employ their tenacity. Since one is going to live anyway, it is as well to have a reason for living. " 'Does it really matter?' was always the test question." And Clarence Feiler has found what matters to him: the poetry of Manuel Gonzaga and in particular the missing love poems. Incidentally, "I'm not much on modern poetry in English," says Clarence:

> Some of it is very fine, of course, but it doesn't express much wish to live. To live as a creature, that is. As if it were not good enough. But the first time I opened Gonzaga . . . I felt right away and in spite of this ironical turn that I was in touch with a poet who could show me how to go on, and what attitude to take toward life.

Spain defeats Clarence. After a lot of trouble and some petty humiliations he is offered mining shares instead of the poems, which appear to have been buried along with the countess to whom they were addressed. But still, Clarence is capable of turning up in the near future with an exhumation order, we feel, or a hired gang of resurrection men. For Gonzaga continues to matter.

Despite all the courageousness and pertinacity in evidence, there is a curious heaviness about these stories. Possibly this effect has its origin in technique: the stories have a density, a thickness, a detailedness about them which gives them the feel of concentrated novels, essence of novel, rather than of longish short stories. More accurately, they strike me as instant novels awaiting the addition of a large dose of action and incident. The density of documentation, whether of the travel-book variety as in "The Gonzaga Manuscripts" or of Jewish family life as in "The Old System," together with the close depiction of character or "character," and so much reflection and description—all this, in the absence of much activity, produces a

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wholly unintended effect of spiritual torpor. A coarser word for it would be "constipation": these stories need more exercise, the characters or narrators need to get out and about, one feels, or at the very least the windows should be flung wide open.

The complaint is a left-handed one, for it suggests that, even so, what we have here is great riches cluttering up a little room. Intelligence, shrewdness, sensitiveness, humor, and wisdom as well as book learning. That these stories try to say more than is effectively possible within their limits says something for Saul Bellow. Where many novels are truly short stories diluted and inflated, his short stories are truly dehydrated novels.

One-Dimensional Analysis

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE. *By J.-J. Servan-Schreiber. With a Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Translated by Ronald Steel. Atheneum Publishers. 291 pp. $6.95.*

HARRY MAGDOFF

Mr. Magdoff is a lecturer in economics at the New School for Social Research. He is the author of The Age of Imperialism, *to be published in the spring by Monthly Review Press.*

Servan-Schreiber, publisher-editor of the influential French weekly news magazine *L'Express*, achieved a deserved measure of international fame for his bold and active opposition to the French colonial war in Algeria. These days he is using his fluent pen to campaign against a different colonial issue: the potential evolution of Western Europe into a satellite of the United States economy due to the extensive penetration by large United States corporations in Western European business affairs.

Combining elements of creed, political-economic analysis, and a call to action, *The American Challenge* is in effect a manifesto designed to mobilize public opinion in support of a political federation of Western Europe (including, of course, Great Britain): a United States of Europe, one which will maintain national and cultural differences but will nevertheless have enough unity and central direction to enable it to compete with the United States.

While the extent of U. S. control may seem relatively small—almost 10 per cent of the total capitalization of all European corporations (except for Belgium)—the gross figure taken by itself is deceptive. What is significant, according to Servan-Schreiber, is (a) the continuing rate of growth which suggests that the United States share will become increasingly larger, and (b) the fact that United States investments are concentrated in the most technologically advanced industries and those with the highest growth rates. Thus, by 1963, American firms in France "controlled 40 per cent of the petroleum market, 65 per cent of telecommunications equipment, and 45 per cent of synthetic rubber, among others."

Differences between the degree of concentration in the "newer" and "older" technologies are well illustrated in the strategic electronics industries. In the production of electronic consumer goods —such as radio, TV, and recording devices, only 15 per cent of European production is accounted for by United States firms. In the field of semi-conductors (devices which replace the older electronic tubes), the United States share jumps to 50 per cent. However, at the farthest reaches of the new technology, the control by United States corporations is indeed overwhelming: 80 per cent of the computers and 95 per cent of the integrated circuits (computer components) manufactured in Europe.

What seems to irritate most is that the invasion represents not so much a transfer of United States capital, but what appears to be a seizure of power. United States firms are using capital not only to create new undertakings but to buy up existing European enterprises. More than that, a good part of the money used for this investment comes from the European continent itself: either loans from Europeans, reinvestment of profits from United States plants in Europe, or subsidies from European governments. In other words, in addition to capital flowing from the United States, there are financial means and mechanisms overseas which United States firms can tap to finance further expansion and to become an ever larger force in European business affairs.

The major role of United States firms in the new technology along with the relative ease with which these firms can mobilize financial resources for use of this technology define the implicit threat to the future independence of European nations. As Servan-Schreiber sees it, the new technology will strongly influence, if not determine, the structure and operations of highly industrialized nations in the not too distant future. Hence, if foreign business interests can control the main levers of this advanced technology they will also be decisive in the economy as a whole. He projects the possible future rather dramatically, one might even say melodramatically.

> With our growth rate, our investment priorities and the distribution of our national income determined by the United States, it is not even necessary to imagine secret meetings between Wall Street bankers and European cabinet ministers to understand that the areas that really count would lie outside the democratic process.

Europe must, therefore, elect one of three possible strategies: *(1)* Let things ride and become a full-fledged annex of the United States economy. *(2)* Try to play a complementary role, by specializing in industries where the several European nations still have a relative advantage and forgoing independence in the new industries. Such a path will reduce Europe to the status of a satellite. *(3)* Concentrate on the achievement of competence in advanced technology and thus become competitive with the United States. Servan-Schreiber, of course, advocates the third course and the main thrust of his book is an analysis and advocacy of what is involved in such a new departure.

The author argues that only by pooling the resources of the West European nations and thus mobilizing money, manpower, and education, will equality be achieved, if not superiority, in such crucial areas of modern science and technology as space, atomic energy and supersonic aviation. The soldiers in the battle should be the fifty to 100 largest industrial firms that are best able to strike back at United States competition. These firms have to be able to unite and grow so that they can have the financial and organizational means to meet United States giants on equal terms in the market place. A common market is not enough. There must be no boundary restrictions on the freedom to merge and consolidate production, marketing, and research on a continental rather than national basis. Moreover, if there is to be significant progress in the field of modern science, the European giants will have to obtain a great deal of government support in the form of direct government contracts, subsidies for research programs, and an educational system that will furnish an adequate supply of scientists and engineers. Thus, Big Business needs Big Government. It follows that the political precondition for independence is a federation of European nations that will give first priority to a unified scientific and industrial policy and an integration of government, university and big business.

Unity among nations by itself won't

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Two Poems by David Ray

AN UNKNOWN WILDERNESS

This keeps night here,
and throws an unknown wilderness about me.
Beaumont & Fletcher

Time we are not together
is not time, it is the soup
of wildwood, it is the memory
of pogroms, it is eyes to the ground
looking for bread in the dust
it is looking to the skies
for terror, finding the past there
it is not being mothered, finding
no hand in the night

II.
Simply a man and a woman going
over the hill together
And I always know whether this bus
is going away from you
or briefly around the curve of sea
toward you. This bus and I will not
become an animal nosing
burrowing toward you
through mountains, over the sea
So I am an old man shivering
sitting in a bus seat weeping
because I see a man and a woman
going over the hill together
into their poverty, into their blessings

III.
The pale morning light has a way
of breaking itself up into stars
Through the planks of the roof
it did this, all alone
though I was without you and couldn't
make anything happen. They left me there
the skies and the cliffs of the world
left me standing there bemused
talking to myself, wondering where they had gone
and ahead of me there was nothing but an edge
a half-blossoming

IV.
Tables I looked at because they could have been our
Tables. O thou freshly gathered
Then fallen
In the dark, in a strange city
I go on talking to you
out loud, out loud

V.
Once you were like an archaic statue
And I found past time upon you
I was the child playing at the base, the robe
Of you, and you held me idly
And above me the slits of your eyes
Fascinated me, they were caves
Of an endless darkness
Your mind wandered, I let it go
Encouraged it, then you came back
Broke into a smile
Came out of the white land
Of speechlessness, and adored me

VI.
I'll be like the sea behind you
happiness thrown away like a coin
the face becoming like anyone else's
your belly on a temple fading away

VII.
Now what shall we do with these moments
They are left over from our nights
And they lie upon our skins too heavily.
Feel them though! Something has already
Been done to them. They are small round circles
Of light that disappear
The pond itself disappears now
The light has lifted off a pair of brown eyes
The night has gone and left excruciating stars
Those moments are gone like coins in the hand
Those moments are simply my mouth
Disappearing off your breast

SCULPTURE

People can remove themselves like paintings
Or join one another as sculpture.
We are part of the same statue, together.
I can feel the basalt nature of our skin.
We have been chipped at together,
Made to cling, as one,
Bound ourselves inward, against the weather.
You were the first to look upon me
Without cynicism in your eyes.
And then you joined me in this stone.
Now we can go back to childhood,
Now I know you would rather sink
Into the ground with me than be free.
Nothing can wrench you away now,
As we crouch here upon the earth,
Our moments come home to us.
Don't be surprised that they are still
Cold from their old loneliness.

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work, according to Servan-Schreiber's prescription. There must also be social unity among the classes within the federation. Obviously, if first priority will be given to government-supported big business and big science, a large part of the social product will have to be husbanded for these purposes. In addition, such a policy necessarily entails protection of the profits of big business, as well as the opportunity for even larger profits. Otherwise, why should business make the effort? Since undue pressure from the working classes for a greater share of the surplus will rock the boat, labor and the Left need to be in line for the success of the program.

The *quid pro quo* for labor cooperation is the inclusion of social justice on the planning agenda of the proposed supranational regime. On top of this, labor and the Left are offered the carrot of faster economic growth which is expected to result from the mutual stimulation of big government, big business, and big science. A faster growth rate, in turn, means that before long there will be a bigger pie to divide; each slice of the future pie can therefore be bigger.

What is proposed in essence is a corporate state—one that is programmed to generate enough strength for European economic war with the United States. The cohesive social force for this supranation is to be democracy and high liberal ideals. But persuasive as Servan-Schreiber is in advocating progressive social and political principles, he is equally insistent on a conflicting economic strategy which will create greater concentration of power in the hands of selected vested interest groups.

This contradiction underscores the superficiality of much of Servan-Schreiber's analysis. While the struggle for economic power is the main subject of the book, associated issues that involve power struggles are swept under the rug. Thus, the national and imperial rivalries which in the past led to World Wars are expected to dissolve in an aura of realism, sweet reason, and the ballot box. This ignores the dilemma that the proposed development program means not only a concentration of economic power in the hands of a limited number of industrial and financial firms but also a concentration of power in selected European regions and key capital and money market centers. If the aim is to amass greater competitive strength in a hurry then the most efficient way is to favor those industrial and financial centers that already have a leg up. With efficiency and speedy growth the goal, the more backward regions will serve best by remaining backward and concentrating on their role as feeders of supplies, food, and manpower to the more advanced regions. A federation based on such a program will more than likely create new sources of tension and struggle.

Another aspect of this faith in the superiority of reason over the realities of power conflict is the optimism that eventually, when Western Europe is big enough and strong enough, the democratic process will smoothly shift gears and give more attention to social progress. Such an idealized conception of a neatly balanced social compromise overlooks not only the sort of tensions which last spring induced a 10-million-man strike in France but also the counter pressures of United States business as competition for world markets stiffens. At what point then will Europe be able to take a breather and indulge in the promised higher morality, if the economic war accelerates?

This tendency to disregard the hard reality of power conflict in prescribing for Europe's future is reflected in Servan-Schreiber's diagnosis as well. For in searching out the roots of United States advantage, he isolates the symptoms of strength from the more basic operating levers of United States growth. For example, he sees managerial structure and organizational technique as major causal factors in the growth of the corporation. It is of course true that important and valuable strides have been made in business management in this country. It is equally obvious that superior organizational technique is an important ingredient of today's successful multi-national giant. However, study of the modern transformations of managerial structures, such as that by Alfred D. Chandler, Jr., in his *Strategy and Structure*, indicates that the flexible and efficient administration of the giant firms are not the cause but the result of historic changes in competitive corporate strategy and allocation of resources.

Not only is management technique isolated as an independent factor of growth but government support of industrial research is isolated from the military power drive of the United States. Servan-Schreiber recognizes the paramount influence of government-sponsored research on corporate strategy, but he does not face up to the fact that this is part and parcel of the United States role as a dominant world military power. The fact that almost 55 per cent of the funds spent in 1965 on research and development by United States industry was financed by the federal government can be explained only in terms of the priority given to our military policies; the civilian applications are extra dividends. In addition, a significant part of the research financed by industry itself is also related to the advance of military technology: such research is undertaken to pave the way for new government contracts which recognize research and development as legitimate costs to be included in the price of the final products sold to the government.

The military underpinning of United States industry goes a good deal beyond the sponsoring of research. To examine the key capital goods industries is to find that military demand is a major component of their profits and stability. Indeed, the Department of Commerce input-output tables for 1958 (long before the influence of the Vietnamese War) show that federal purchases account directly and indirectly for from 15 to 40 per cent of the output of eighteen important manufacturing industries. It is shortsighted to isolate this source of economic strength, as well as the lift given to United States corporate growth by its overseas investment, from the Pax Americana of the post-World War II world. But this is precisely what Servan-Schreiber attempts to do. And in doing this, he reaches a one-dimensional analysis which touches on some important problems but in the main deals more with appearances than with the underlying reality.

Walter Benjamin: A Special Case

ILLUMINATIONS: Essays and Reflections. *By Walter Benjamin. Edited with an Introduction by Hannah Arendt. Translated by Harry Zohn. Harcourt, Brace & World. 280 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE STADE
Mr. Stade teaches English at Columbia University.

"The goal I set for myself," wrote Walter Benjamin (1892-1940), "is to be regarded as the foremost critic of German literature." Yet he participated in the conspiracy of neglect that assured him he would only attain his goal posthumously. What Walter Benjamin wrote about Franz Kafka he might have confessed of himself: "once he was certain of eventual failure, everything worked for him *en route* as in a dream. There is nothing more memorable than the fervor with which Kafka emphasized his failure." The circumstances surrounding Benja-

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min's suicide on the Spanish-French border, while he was engaged in an attempt to avoid deportation to Germany, seem enveloped in that eerie malice which in Kafka's fiction a secret volition projects onto events.

Kafka's initial failure was a function of his posthumous success, as was Benjamin's. "One of the foremost tasks of art has always been the creation of a demand which could be fully satisfied only later," said Benjamin, and the remark holds as well for his criticism as for Kafka's fiction. He helped create a demand for a kind of criticism that is now being attempted by structuralists, McLuhanites, phenomenologists, existentialists, anti-Communist para-Marxists, Marxists, Zionists, rabbis of Pop, and various diagnosticians of fashion and scrutinizers of trends—representatives of all which groups, in Germany, France and England, are at present claiming that he was what they are.

It's hard to blame them; Benjamin is not only very good, he is a legitimate ancestor of much that for the moment is most alive in criticism. But he accomplished all he did by refusing to be anything that pre-existed him. "To create a place in criticism for oneself means to re-create it as a genre." Similarly, "all great works of literature found a genre or dissolve one—they are in other words, special cases." It is true that his interest in Marxism, Zionism, German humanist criticism, academic *Sprachphilosophie* refined his analytic technique and lent urgency to his already acute historical sense; true, he had a number of compelling personal needs that he could have satisfied by joining the various cliques that kept watch over the ideological purity of these disciplines; true, further, these cliques could have presented him to an audience, assured him of an income, guaranteed him at least a small success; but he would not join: he had a terror of being used; he insisted on creating his own genre, on being a special case. He took what he needed where he could find it and made it his own.

In Zionism and through his friendship with Gershom Scholem, author of *Major Trends of Jewish Mysticism*, Benjamin found another version of the millennialism that had attracted him to Marxism, and found confirmation for a certain kind of hermeneutic bias: "I have never been able to inquire and think otherwise than, if I may so put it, in a theological sense—namely, in conformity with the Talmudic prescription regarding the forty-nine levels of meaning in every passage of the Torah."

From Marxism, from his friendships with Brecht, Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno, he learned to think of the relations between the cultural superstructure and the economic substructure as texts in which he would read his forty-nine levels of meaning. "A historic materialist approaches a historical subject only where he encounters it as a monad." Benjamin approached his monads as realms of total correspondence, realms in which any item isolated for attention was defined precisely by its relations to all the other items. The gait of the *flâneur*, the unseeing eyes in Baudelaire, the invention of photography, the emergence of the urban mass, the decline of storytelling, the onset of "the inhospitable, blinding age of big-scale industrialism" mean what they mean, are what they are, precisely because of the positions they assume within the conceptual forms their attractions and repulsions shape in the mind of a *Kulturkritik*. "Where thinking suddenly stops in a configuration pregnant with tensions, it gives that configuration a shock, by which it crystallizes into a monad."

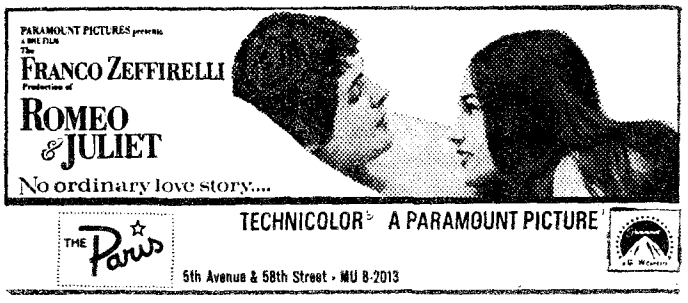
Humanist criticism lent poignancy to Benjamin's awareness of the "tremendous shattering of tradition" that defines the modern age, and it gave him a long perspective on "the cluster of symptoms called 'civilization.'" *Sprachphilosophie* intensified his sense of words as the main repository of human experience and as both the major symptoms of civilizations and the sole exposer of their hidden causes. The "representation of hidden significance through an embryonic attempt at making it visible is of so singular a nature that it is rarely met with in the sphere of non-linguistic life."

The unifying theme of *Illuminations*—ten essays on book collecting, on translating, on storytelling, on Kafka, Brecht, Baudelaire, Proust, on art in an age of mechanical reproduction, on the philosophy of history—is the vicissitudes of those symptoms that Benjamin calls the "aura" or the "afterlife" of works of art. He designates as aura "the associations which, at home in the *mémoire involontaire*, tend to cluster around the object of a perception." The equivalent in the case of a utilitarian object is "the experience which has left traces of the practised hand." These traces are symptoms of something both individual and cultural, for "where there is experience in the strict sense of the word, certain contents of the individual past combine with material of the collective past." The aura of a work of art is its authenticity, its "testimony to the history it has experienced." And when we locate aura we see where we stand: "To perceive the aura of an object we look for a means to invest it with the ability to look at us in return."

The "contemporary decay of the aura," of the historical personality of objects, a decay related to the "liquidation of the traditional value of the cultural heritage" and brought about largely by the "pervasion of reality by the apparatus," has meant that "experience has fallen in value," that wisdom ("truth in its haggadic consistency") has become incommunicable; has led to "a crisis in perception itself," a change in the very structure of memory, and has revealed "the true surrealist face of existence." Stripping objects of their aura reveals them spread out in mental space shining with hallucinatory clarity, but merely juxtaposed, rather than arranged in the medium of their traditional contexts.

None of this reads in Benjamin like the familiar laments over traditions, communities, crafts and values blasted away forever by the eruption of modernism. No man was ever less of a handwringer. Much of the unsettling quality of his prose comes from the austere reserve, the icy withholding of attitude, that characterizes it. And he was able to regard with a suppressed and ironic glee the literally "shocking," the "destructive, cathartic" effect of the new art. For all cultural treasures carry with them an origin that he "cannot contemplate without horror. They owe their existence not only to the great minds and talents who have created them, but also to the anonymous toil of their contemporaries. There is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism." Benjamin,

"DAZZLING! Once you see it, you'll never again picture 'Romeo & Juliet' quite the way you did before!" —LIFE



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like the new art, stripped the aura from cultural treasures to redeem them.

Benjamin's prose is the perfect medium for this message. It became increasingly an arrangement of quotations. The power of these is "not the strength to preserve but to cleanse, to tear out of context, to destroy." Quotations in his work, he wrote, "are like robbers by the roadside who make an armed attack and relieve an idler of his convictions." His ambition was to write a work consisting entirely of quotations. These word fragments, these artifacts shorn of their auras and bereft of commentary, would be like currents in a force field of signification generated by their mere juxtaposition.

He never got that far, but achieved something like it by so placing his dense and oblique sentences that their meanings are only released by the silence that surrounds them: instead of a transition or a connective, one gets an interval, a rest, into which the preceding sentence flows as a delayed reaction and out of which the succeeding sentence gestures to a new movement of thought, a new dimension of relevance. These sentences, that is, are on all levels and at every angle to one another; the reader must concatenate them as he can. "Interruption," said Benjamin, "is one of the fundamental devices of all structuring," and, we might add, the phenomenological basis of the reality he was trying to make visible in words.

Illuminations is brilliantly introduced, faithfully translated, and tastefully produced, but someone is much to blame for having given us so skimpy a selection.

Detachment De-Mythified

POINT OF DEPARTURE: An Attempt at Autobiography. *By James Cameron. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 318 pp. $5.95.*

WHAT A WAY TO RUN THE TRIBE. *By James Cameron. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 347 pp. $6.95.*

STUDS TERKEL

Mr. Terkel is the author of Division Street . . . America *(Pantheon).*

> I cannot remember when these curious moments of suspense first began, when I would find myself unanchored and adrift in the dark, groping for clues as to where I was. These moments came, and still come, at the exact transition between sleep and awakening, lying on the edge of uncertainty: what is this bed, where is this room, what lies beyond it—Egypt, England, Berlin, Jerusalem, Moscow, Minneapolis, Peking: there have been so many places, and any of them could be the background of this vacuum.

From the beginning you are caught and held fast by this astonishing autobiography. In *Point Of Departure*, James Cameron truly reveals himself; as, indeed, he has done in all his remarkable dispatches.

What A Way To Run The Tribe is a collection of seventy such pieces. Whether it's the Six Day War, the Algerian Conflict, the volcanic boilings of Latin America; life in Verwoerd's South Africa, Franco's Spain, Ho's Hanoi; the guts of American hacks or the atonality of Downing Street's sweet singers; the death of Gandhi or the psyche of Nehru, whom Cameron, of all Western chroniclers, knew best—if it's passion-*cum*-insight you're looking for, Cameron's your man. Like Kilroy, he's been there and left indelible marks on these walls.

James Cameron is one of our best living journalists, and one of the most self-deprecatory. Nor is it a sense of unseemly modesty that causes him such self-doubts. Rather it's a vision he has followed from his first days as a young newsman in the industrial bleakness of Dundee: the fragile possibility as against the brutal fact. From the late twenties on—in the depressed Scottish town and in more exotic places—Cameron has known where he stood; and how so often the ground beneath proved treacherous. Even now, he pursues the ideal: "a sense of mortal community."

With an elegance of style, he has recorded on the run, in the rain, or at some weekend refuge, his feelings as well as his observations. The double sense of his writings is evoked, while watching the A-bomb tests at Bikini:

> It was not a bang, it was a rumble, not overloud, but it thudded into all the corners of the morning like a great door slammed into the deepest hollows of the sea. Beside me a heavy wire stay unexpectedly quivered like a cello-string for a moment, then stopped. . . . Now standing up unsteadily from the sea was the famous Mushroom. . . . The only similes that came to my mind were banal: a sundae, red ink in a pot of distemper. From behind me I heard a frenetic ticking of typewriters; very soon I found I was fumbling with my own. The reportage had begun. Many of us will never live it down.

From the first, Cameron's life and work has made a mockery of the mythic credo: the "detached" journalist. Following the Bikini scenario, he participated in the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament and the Aldermaston March. ". . . this annual ritual naturally attracted the derision of the Press." Of course. How could—a seriocomic case in point—Malcolm Muggeridge, charming master of irrelevancies, understand a man like Cameron? No more than the court fool could interpret the haunted spirit of the saga man. (In *What A Way To Run The Tribe*, there is a delightful, though devastating reply to poor Muggeridge. As usual, Cameron tried to be gentle. That "sense of mortal community" again.)

There was a fine irony in his being on the scene in Chicago during Convention Week. Here, it would seem, the ghost of "objective" journalism was once and forever laid. Cameron needed no billy club on his gray head to tell him this; though a good whiff of Lincoln Park tear gas did add an acrid note to his London dispatches.

Inevitably, his personal concern—can't the man mind his own business and tend to his trade?—has led to troubles, though he has never quite seen it that way. Take that 1945 brouhaha, for instance. Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* carried a scurrilous headline concerning John Strachey, Labour's newly appointed War Minister. Cameron was, at the time, the highest paid correspondent of The Beaver's other paper, *Daily Express*. Doing what comes naturally, he resigned, though he had never met Strachey. It was a *cause célèbre* along Fleet Street. Not to Cameron. It was simply a matter of standards.

Again it happened, while he was roving Korea for *Picture Post*, during that wretched war. In a startling coup, at least for the Western world, he revealed that noble little patriot, Syngman Rhee, to be an ignoble little brute. Firings and resignations followed. To the credit of British journalism, jobs found Cameron.

A remarkable chapter in the autobiography deals with his visit to Lambaréné, while another myth was still extant. In the rain forest, he discovered Dr.

KNOWING

"Mon moi, Ils m'arrachent mon moi"
—*Michelet*

I will be lonely at half past dead
Weep none one or many beside my bed.
At the dead center of all alone
I must unwillingly work at dying
I will be crying crying crying
Not I not I this flesh these bones

ISABELLA GARDNER

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Schweitzer to be somewhat less than saintly. . . . "the Hospital existed for him rather than he for it. It was deliberately archaic and primitive, deliberately part of the jungle around it, a background of his own creation which clearly meant a great deal more philosophically than it did medically." Bach, it seemed, was one thing; the blacks, another. Yet, it is the journalist's "Reverence For Life" that makes this sequence a deeply moving, perhaps because it is nonworshipful, study of Albert Schweitzer.

And Churchill. Some fifteen years after Cameron's tempestuous goodby, he was invited by Beaverbrook to his Cap d'Ail home. The publisher had a project in mind. Cameron was his man; at least, so he thought. As *divertissement*, there was dinner for four: the host, the journalist, a senile Winston Churchill and a rugged Aristotle Onassis. Cameron, caught willy-nilly in this rare circle, observed.

What Cameron captured becomes a vivid study of the passing of power that is, at once, *Lear* in its tragic overtones and hilarious in fact. While Churchill snored, the two infinitely lesser, semi-literate men, talked the arcane language of big money. Theirs was the power, if not the glory. As for Churchill:

> After dinner somebody put a cigar in his mouth and lit it; it seemed a ritual gesture without dignity; the completion of an effigy. Already I had begun to find this a profoundly melancholy occasion. My own admiration for the old gentleman's vigorous and abrasive qualities had always been qualified by opposition to almost every one of his public attitudes; nevertheless . . . it was sad to see him, for the first and last time, diminished into a totem, part of the social image of a rich Greek patron.

So it has been, and fortunately still is, with Cameron: the heart of the innocent, the eye of the experienced and the style of a master. It's been said he has changed the whole character of English reportage by giving it an amazing model that transcends journalism. It is to be hoped that these two books may help do the same for ours.

Popular Art Into Good Art

A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY. *By John Le Carré. Coward-McCann. 383 pp. $6.95.*

JOHN GLIEDMAN

Mr. Gliedman is a graduate student in psychology at M.I.T. and is at present at work on a spy novel.

So much has been written about the stagnation of the novel, that some extremely interesting developments in science fiction and the spy story have passed somewhat unnoticed. In science fiction the novel of serious social satire has come into its own. Though hardly up to the standards of the classical anti-utopias (*1984* and *Brave New World*)—the handling of character is far too shallow—Robert Sheckley's *Immortality, Inc.* and (to a lesser extent) *Mindswap*, are strikingly original commercial satires. And while the second half of Robert Heinlein's *Green Hills of Earth* decays into superficiality, the first half is an extraordinary *Bildungsroman*. Nor have "serious" writers left the genre untouched. Two of Kurt Vonnegut's novels are science fiction: *Cat's Cradle* and *The Sirens of Titan*. Anthony Burgess has written a first-rate anti-utopia (*The Wanting Seed*) and an all-time classic in the neo-Joycean meta-McLuhan manner, *The Clockwork Orange*. And if the eloquent Barth is more at home in the seventeenth century than in the future, he has been there too in *Giles Goat-Boy*.

The spy novel, a kind of pornography, has been slower to yield serious literature. The most promising innovation of recent years has been the introduction of unhappiness into the world of the secret agent. The best of this kind is John Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*. Unfortunately, as Mr. Le Carré's later *(The Looking Glass War)* demonstrates, something more has been needed to open up the form to serious efforts. Even Anthony Burgess, who has dipped into this honey pot too, has not been able to go beyond Le Carré—producing in *Tremor of Intent* a souped-up, verbal variation on the theme of dirty spy/dirty life.

But Mr. Le Carré's latest book, *A Small Town in Germany*, is quite a bit more than a spy story with a clever twist: it is a political novel almost in the grand manner.

The book opens with the discovery by the British embassy in Bonn that one of their diplomats has disappeared, along with enough sensitive material to wreck England's chances of entering the Common Market. London sends an investigator, Alan Turner, to find the man. Turner is one of Mr. Le Carré's specialties—a more interesting Michael Caine, complete with red-brick university education, a volcanic hatred of the "better" class (his wife ran off with one of them) and an immense capacity for making himself and others miserable, largely because of an honesty which masquerades as bad manners.

Turner embarks upon a search which is as much for himself as it is for the missing diplomat: a search which, largely because of the happy conjunction of Mr. Le Carré's talents and the literary possibilities of the subject of Bonn, constantly slips from the objective world into a bureaucratic phantasmagoria in which all ordinary distinctions—day and night, right and wrong, love and hate, abstract and concrete, history as written record and as personal experience, past, present, and future, are alternately effaced and reversed. As for the private search, it appears to be not entirely unsuccessful.

What is most remarkable about Mr. Le Carré's book is that it isn't dull, or pretentious, or hopelessly clichéd. For all the elements of a bad book are present; a cast of upper class types from the old-fashioned English novel of manners whose problems are as drearily familiar as they are superficial, a collection of secondary characters from the lower classes who are much less successfully drawn, and a great deal of speculation and preaching about history and private morality, none of it terribly profound.

Two things save the book. Mr. Le Carré has always been a competent craftsman; but nothing in his earlier works can match the beauty of many of the descriptive passages in his new

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book or the use of aural imagery (the sounds of the Rhine, the Bonn traffic, the figures of speech used by the main characters). Second, and of still greater importance, is his use of the spy story. It lends to the ideas, motives, and hypocrisies of the leading characters a special dramatic interest. Because he tells a first-rate yarn, Mr. Le Carré can deal with a number of serious topics without becoming offensive. (Something similar goes on in Antonioni's *Blow Up* which, because of the dullness of its subject matter, might be seen as a paradigm of this technique. The viewer's expectation of a murder—which never takes place—rescues one from the boredom of the pointless episodes in the life of a fashion photographer. When the film ends there is the realization that events have been invested with a false significance. But by then it is too late. The film has been enjoyed.)

Mr. Le Carré has long been a master of the essential machinery of the spy and detective novel. He has also shown himself to be a sensitive observer of character and manner, within the limits of his genre. But nothing which has come before quite prepares one for the literary distinction of this effort—the quality of its prose, the complexity of its construction, the cunning of some of its dialogue. But the book's great merit is its originality. If this book endures, one senses that it will not be because it brings up to date an aspect of that chronic dissatisfaction with itself which seems to be a prerogative of the English upper class. Nor even because it tells us what we already know far too well, but rarely encounter in literature: that diplomacy is an especially vicious and cynical sham. But because it represents something of a breakthrough in the use of the spy genre for serious purposes. *A Small Town in Germany* is that rarest of all things in contemporary fiction—good art which is also popular art.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Given the average standard of local operatic production, Herbert von Karajan's presentation of Wagner's *Das Rheingold* is a rather special event, offering a combination of musical and dramatic values only rarely present at the Metropolitan Opera—and, indeed, only partially present in Karajan's *Walküre* of last season. Seeing the two operas in succession, the viewer (if not the listener) might be forgiven for assuming them the work of two different directors. The Karajan who staged *Walküre* not only ran aground on such traditional shoals as dinner *chez* Hunding (none was ever served, although Martti Talvela, a 6 ft. 7 in. mountain of a man, certainly ordered it, and he didn't look like the kind of Hunding to overlook such a wifely oversight) but also ignored Wagner's musically specified lighting effects in Act II in order to build up a showy tableau for the battle scene.

Some aspects of this production, in fact, betrayed an utter lack of professionalism: the tight spotlighting which—given the overall gloom—caused Wotan's arms to vanish whenever he stretched them out in a characteristically Wotanish gesture; Siegmund's apostrophe to the sword, addressed to the brass section of the orchestra, its proper object being behind him and across the stage, some thirty feet away; and the stately pattern of movement imposed on the singers, which upset Wagner's carefully scored entrances and exits. Nor did the settings, vacillating between post-Pretorius semi-abstraction and neo-Bayreuth symbolism, suggest that a consistent point of view was being applied. The continual transformations of the second-act set were particularly distracting because so unnecessary. A single set, meeting Wagner's specifications, would have been much simpler than what amounted to four different ones.

With *Rheingold*, all this changed; it is a straightforward, thoroughly professional staging, not distant in style from early Wieland Wagner, but free of the economically imposed amateurisms of early postwar Bayreuth. Lighting and movement were managed with great skill, and virtually all the special effects (swimming Rhinemaidens, Alberich's transformations, and the meteorological extravaganza culminating in the rainbow bridge) were splendidly realized. Only Erda's emergence, at a great distance, failed to impress (it would have been a total disaster with anything less than the voice of Lili Chookasian), and it was prepared by a singularly inept bit of blocking.

As already intimated, the musical characteristics of the two productions had a good deal in common (they will be broadcast on February 22 and March 1, and Karajan has recorded both operas, with the Berlin Philharmonic and substantially similar casts, for Deutsche Grammophon; see listing below). The first point to note is that Karajan got absolutely first-class playing from the Met orchestra—at least at the initial performances; I was disappointed to note a marked deterioration in this year's *Walküre* performance, especially among the brass. And the *kind* of orchestral sonority he is after—lean, smooth, light, relative-

STANFORD STREET POEM: ALBUQUERQUE

When living
even with people you love
boils you dry each day
what music shall
calm you Can the sky open that *wide*
to receive your cry

The gag of love
steals your tongue what you know
of soil and sea flowering and fall

As other bodies call to you
a woman's teeth a man's beard
you approach them cold leaves in your legs
leaning on an old moonbeam
the song:
a single crow on the naked bough

snow on the Sandias now
creamy fields below Taos

water in hose will freeze

nothing to reach for

you must
dance
with the trees

GENE FRUMKIN

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ly unaccented—remains consistent in the performances and recordings; it is not only quite different from the traditional Wagner sound but also from the sound he espoused in 1951 at Bayreuth (to judge from the recording of *Walküre* Act III made at those performances, on Odeon 90280/1). Some passages are played so lightly as to become almost pure texture, devoid of rhythm if not of meter, and throughout there is a tendency to neutralize rhythmic detail.

In *Rheingold*, this pushed the action forward, and the strikingly cohesive effect that the piece makes in Karajan's reading is primarily a result of the smoothness with which he propels it from beginning to end. Naturally, the extensive musical preparation of the entire ensemble also contributes to the effortless flow of the proceedings. A good deal is lost, however, in terms of textural variety and dynamic contrast; this scaled-down, streamlined Wagner is far less revelatory than Solti's occasionally erratic conception (London OSA-1309) or the extraordinary Furtwängler Rome performance of 1953 (once scheduled for release, this has been circulating privately for years, and should certainly be made commercially available).

The *Walküre* is a somewhat different story, for here Karajan seems less interested in imposing a consistent forward drive. My impression is that the performance has tightened up a good deal since the recording (which was made in late 1966, prior to any stage performances), but the insistence on a low dynamic framework for the first act remains firm.

Obviously, the conductor does realize that his *Rheingold* strategy won't work on the vastly more elaborate, more dimensioned fabric of *Walküre*, but his options are severely limited by the kind of orchestral sound he favors. As a result, some passages emerge impressively—the genuinely soft Winterstürme song, the breathless quiet at the start of the "Annunciation of Death" scene—but most of these are static effects; there is too little of the lively rhythmic articulation and anticipatory accenting that produces a shaped progression of musical phrases and sentences. Most of the motion here arises from lack of friction rather than from internal propulsion.

A splendid counter example is provided by Otto Klemperer's current recording of *Der fliegende Holländer*. Despite some tiresome sound effects (notably a nasty distortion effect that is supposed to make the Dutch crew sound "spooky"), some characteristically undisciplined orchestral attacks, and the silly pedantry of using Wagner's first version (why not allow a composer his second thoughts, when they are improvements?), this is a fine example of the kind of orchestral presentation that makes the most of Wagner's scoring through a wide variety of articulation and an insistence on the significance of detail. Even when Klemperer's choice of tempo seems initially perverse, it usually justifies itself in practice by the strong musical profile with which nearly every passage is projected and by the firm grasp that is maintained on the overall structure. (Another counter example is Furtwängler's *Walküre*, available on a bargain label: Seraphim IE-6012.)

I have hardly mentioned the singing in these performances; little of it is memorable, save that of Martti Talvela in the *Ring* operas. In fact, the vocal high points of the recordings are Karajan's splendid ensembles of Rhinemaidens and Valkyries, rather than any single soloists. In general, the Met casts were slightly superior; Crespin makes a better Sieglinde than a Brünnhilde (in the recording, she is audibly reinforced by resonance at crucial points), and the Met offers Birgit Nilsson as Brünnhilde. Other desirable substitutions were Stewart as the *Rheingold* Wotan (greatly preferable to the dispiriting spectacle of Fischer-Dieskau tearing out his throat), Milnes as Donner (for the weak Kerns), and Chookasian as Erda (instead of the rhythmically insecure Dominguez). Klemperer's *Holländer* cast, too, offers little to interest those who think Wagnerian opera is about singing.

At this halfway point in Karajan's *Ring*, then, I'm not overly optimistic about what is to come, because the problems he has failed to solve in *Walküre* become ever more acute in the remaining operas. On the other hand, it is an unusual (and pleasurable) experience to confront operatic performances that demand consideration at such a serious and fundamental level; *Rheingold* is not an easy opera, and the current production is certainly the most distinguished that New York has seen for many years. That it takes a kind of international road show to achieve opera of this musical (as distinct from vocal) standard may tell us something about future patterns of operatic production.

WAGNER: *Das Rheingold*. Josephine Veasey, Oralia Dominguez, Gerhard Stolze, Donald Grobe, Erwin Wohlfahrt, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Zoltan Kelemen, Robert Kerns, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, et al.; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139 226/8, $17.37.

Die Walküre. Régine Crespin, Gundula Janowitz, Josephine Veasey, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, Martti Talvela, et al.; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139 229/33, $28.95.

Der fliegende Holländer. Anja Silja, Annelies Burmeister, Ernst Kozub, Gerhard Stolze, Theo Adam, Martti Talvela; BBC Chorus, New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel SCL-3730, $17.37.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

How do museum exhibitions get arranged?

For a partial answer, we might consider the background of the present show at the Museum of Modern Art, "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." When the Museum was originally planning "The Responsive Eye," the exhibition of 1965, it was conceived as one of a pair of related shows, the other to be devoted to kinetics and light art. Early in the sixties there had been discussions between the Modern and the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum to straighten out the problem presented by the fact that both institutions wanted to stage such exhibitions. The first solution was to divide the cake, with the Modern getting what came to be called "Op Art" and the Guggenheim getting kinetics. When Peter Selz left the Modern for Berkeley he put on his own West Coast hardware show, but the Guggenheim did not do anything about its "rights" on the Eastern Seaboard.

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The next move is recorded in the catalogue of the Machine show; in 1965, the Modern invited K. G. Pontus Hultén, director of the Moderna Museet, Stockholm, to do a kinetics show. Instead he proposed the present show, which derives from an entirely different set of ideas than the museum's original plan. Instead of being part of a comprehensive survey of movement in art, optically active paintings that *seem* to move and sculpture that literally does, it is something else, something very personal to Hultén.

The other piece of background information that may clarify aspects of the Machine show has to do with a little-remarked shift in postwar aesthetics. After World War II a generation of artists born in the 1920s became fascinated with connections between art and, let's call it, the urban-industrial complex. This emergent sensibility, pro-technological but nonconformist, is extensively registered by the Machine show. It may be appropriate to indicate the European character of Hultén's interest in machines by references to England, where I lived.

The postwar revival of interest in Futurism and Dada produced two relevant books, both given, incidentally, in the bibliography of the catalogue. One is Peter Reyner Banham's *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age*, the title of which parallels Hultén's for his exhibition (both derive, of course, from Norbert Wiener's distinction, 1948, between the first and second Industrial Revolutions). The other book was designed by Richard Hamilton, who figured out how to translate the facsimile, random notes of Marcel Duchamp for *The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even* into typographical form for the first time. Both books were published in 1960 and represent the outcome of ideas formulated and research done in the previous decade. Hultén's show is strong on Dada and Constructivism and, analogously, pro-tech English art of the fifties was a tangle of pre- or early Pop Art and a Constructivist revival, dominated, but not truly summed up by, Victor Pasmore.

The sympathetic attitude of artists and art historians toward technology, as much a fact in their art interests as in their lives, had a salutary effect on the history of modern art which had become grossly one-sided. Expressionist-oriented writers saw modern art as the seismograph of psychic turmoil, caused by artists recoiling from the cities and the mob. This view was updated, but not really altered, by the sophisticated dramas of existentialist art criticism: Sartre's Giacometti and Tintoretto are up to their eyes in agony and paradox. There was still a strong case being made, in those days, for the unconscious sources of art (Freudian and/or Jungian): symbols that only artists could provide were expected to act as torches and talismans. Romantic criticism also took rustic forms, in which the birds and the bees, not to mention the rocks and the blue horses, silently reproached divisive mankind. Such an expressionist-existentialist-unconscious-romantic-pastoral complex was opposed by the shifted sensibility of the fifties; Pop Art and the accelerated development of kinetic art are proof of its success.

At the Museum, recent art movements are presented in such a way as to bring out latent urban-industrial content. Dada and Russian Constructivism are brilliantly handled with, among other things, a great selection of Picabia's machines and a reconstruction of Vladimir Tatlin's "Monument for the Third International," that much reproduced but destroyed tower of 1920. Hultén contributes to the removal of Constructivism from the idealist aesthetic generated by Gabo and Pevsner and restores it to the political and pro-industrial scene of Tatlin and El Lissitzky. The Futurist section is masterful, also, but completely familiar, unlike the Dada and Constructivist sections. It is clear that the Futurists, who were being revived through the fifties, are back and living safely among us. The polemic edge has gone from the act of reinterpretation and, as a result, most of Hultén's art looks perfectly in place, because the pro-technology sensibility has been generally absorbed. Indeed, we have reached a point at which many artists seem to want nothing better than to have an engineer for Christmas.

In the section of recent art the major figure is Jean Tinguely, long admired and passionately supported by Hultén. The earliest piece, 1953, is a delicate *stabile*, half-way between a Duchamp perspective drawing and a builder's scaffold. The loose-jointed forms relate to contemporaneous work by Eduardo Paolozzi, influenced by Klee, and by the strut systems of early aircraft; in London, at this time, there was talk about the Blériot aesthetic. (Paolozzi, for some reason, has been suppressed by Hultén.) Tinguely's motorized machines, loquacious in form and sound, use brute mechanisms for parody. The humor of his work is part put-down of machines and part the celebration of rough values (like a preference for *vin ordinaire*). The best works that Hultén has selected from the fifties and sixties are designed to support Tinguely's ebullient, basically expressionistic iron works. There are characteristic pieces by Edward Kienholz (Yes, "Back Seat Dodge" is there, if you haven't seen it yet, and with the door open), Robert Rauschenberg's "Oracle" (the five-piece sculpture of found objects wired for sound) and Claes Oldenberg (soft fan and soft auto engine). Hultén has also resurrected a big, banal piece by Richard Stankiewicz.

The exhibition gives a favorable view of the rough and rowdy, tough and funny, Junk Culture of the fifties and its extensions in the sixties. But there are no works by Andy Warhol (mass production, machine images), Billy Al Bengston (cult pictures of his own motor cycle), Tom Wesselman (full-size VW cutouts—and the exhibition makes a thing about cars), or Roy Lichtenstein (simulated mechanical reproduction of mass-distributed images). However, the show, apart from the expertise and good eye of its organizer, is itself a document of a formative moment in mid-20th century taste.

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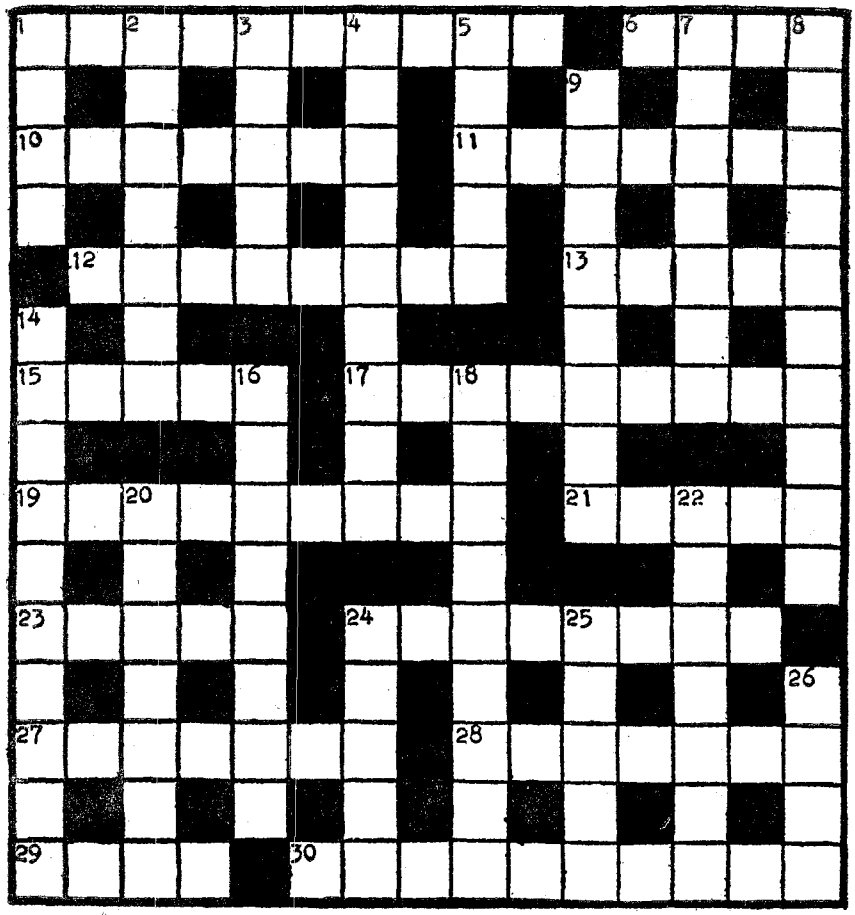

ACROSS

1 Possibly how to travel more cheaply in the spirit of "here today, gone tomorrow." (3-2-5)
6 Many artists are able to do it in sketching. (4)
10 In a way, bound to be cleaned out of it. (7)
12 Cuts some fancy clothes out of it, possibly. (8)
13 What's in common with presidential candidates of 1928 and 1952, as they were known? (5)
15 An advantage, like going down at the table? (5)
17 Here's a how-de-do! (9)
19 Spread out and passed around, it is shown. (9)
21 Reputedly a deadly bite? (5)
23 Are licensed to hold a memorial? (5)
24 An actor of Spain, perhaps, after the leading part? (8)
27 A sailor loves trouble when free from the consequences. (7)
28 One of the things Ralph Rackstraw could have been, perhaps. (7)
29 A call to the cutter? It might be a false alarm! (4)
30 A crooner and a bad actor, not back in town yet! (10)

DOWN

1 and 11 across Given away, like a shuttlecock? Certainly not fast, though! (4,2,1,4)
2 Chrome and cadmium, for example? (7)
3 Enterprise, if American? Endeavour, if British? One or the other! (5)
4 One might have it yet in mind as compensation for loss. (9)
5 Arranged as the race divisions might be. (7)
7 Petty four in the experiment? (7)
8 A less serious mix-up than 17. (10)
9 A record in animals, or records? (8)
14 Less hirsute, but with elan? Nonsense! (10)
16 Certainly doesn't involve free speech, at least for one party. (4,4)
18 A token to the band, but might prove a harassment. (9)
20 This isle is a riotous and divided region.
22 Free-verse poet, as a self-proclaimed substance? (7)
24 One of Respighi's fountains. (5)
25 Square Gilbertian Duke—no bull! (5)
26 At another time, getting many Bartlett credits? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1277

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Play hard to get; 5 Stable; 11 and 25 Margin for error; 12 Remains; 13 Vinegar; 14 Infers; 15 Stratum; 18 Upswing; 21 Disown; 24 Meeting; 26 Trachea; 27 D'Artagnan; 28 Court; 29 Porter; 30 Very well. DOWN: 1 Peters; 2 Arguments; 3 Hot line; 4 Rameses; 6 Thinner; 7 Befog; 8 Eardrums; 9 Drives; 16 Town house; 17 Summed up; 19 Imitate; 20 Gaging; 21 Detente; 22 Starchy; 23 Pastel.

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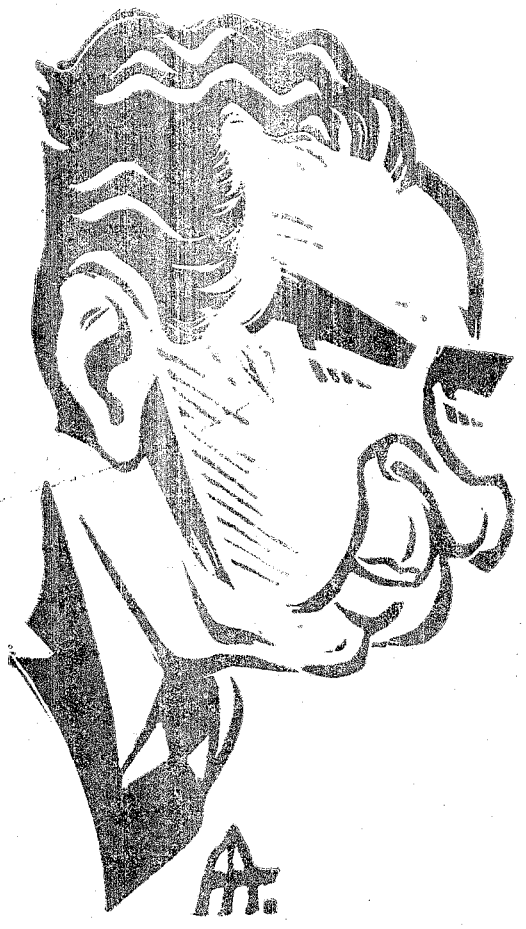

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